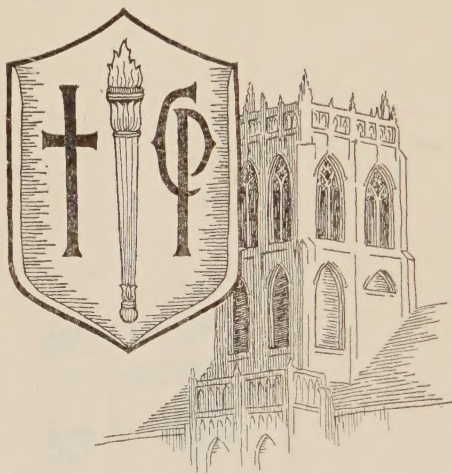




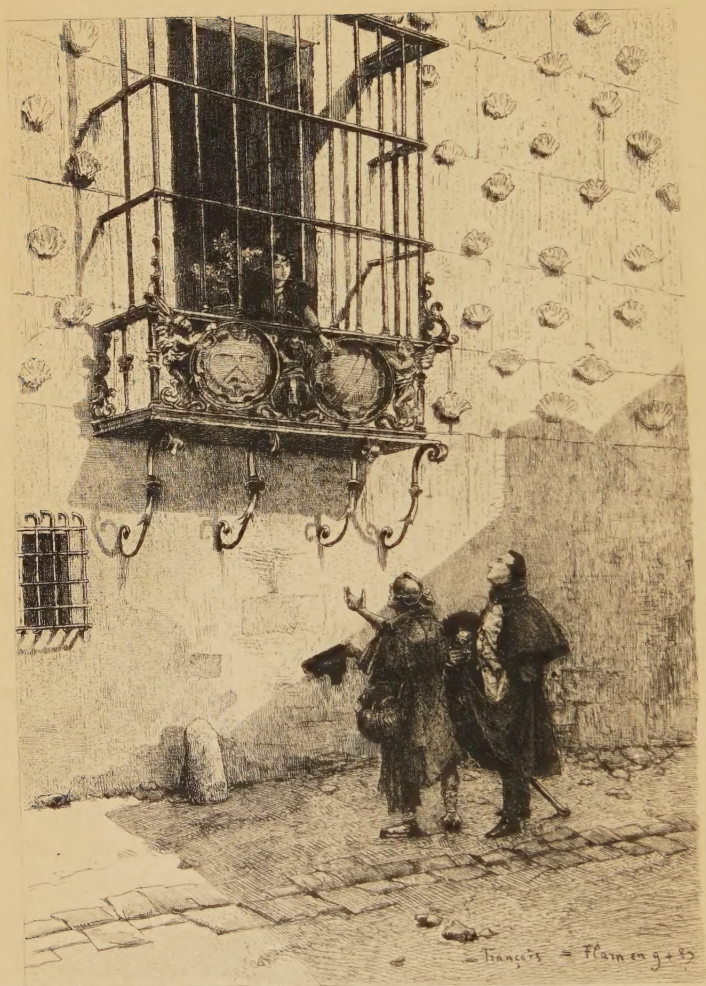
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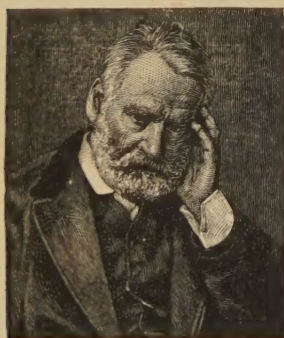
POEMS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LES CONTEMPLATIONS — LES CHANTS DU CRÉ-
PUSCULE — L'ART D'ÊTRE GRANDPÈRE —
LES CHANSONS DES RUES ET DES BOIS
— LES FEUILLES D'AUTOMME

BY VICTOR HUGO



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

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LES CONTEMPLATIONS.

VICTOR HUGO'S POEMS.

LES CONTEMPLATIONS.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A-NIGH a desert spring a lion dwelt; an eagle
 Drank from the same clear flow.
One morn it chanced two warrior-chiefs, of aspect regal,
 Often fate suffers so, —

Drew nigh this spring which with its broad and
 shadowy palms
 Allures the traveller,
And, recognizing each his foe, flashed sudden arms,
 Fought, and fell bleeding there.

Then, while they breathed their last, the eagle, hovering
 O'er lowly heads, shrilled loud :
“Ye found the whole wide earth for you too small a
 thing,
 That are less than a little cloud,

“O princes! and your bones, strong yester-night with
youth,

Will be, to-morrow morn,
Stones mingled with the stones o' the track, but sooner
in sooth

By travellers' footing worn.

“Ye fools! for what great end was this bright-flashing
strife, —

Your duel fierce and rude?
I, th' eagle, and yon lion lead a peaceful life
In this vast solitude.

“Both come to quench our thirst at the same crystal
fount,

Kings in the same dominions, —
He roams in lordly wise the prairie, forest, mount;
The air's swept by my pinions.”

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF?

SPEAK, if you love me, gentle maiden,
Or haunt no more my lone retreat !
If not for me thy heart be laden,
Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet ?

Ah ! tell me why so mute, fair maiden,
Whene'er as thus so oft we meet ;
If not for me thy heart be, Aideen,
Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet ?

Why, when my hand unconscious pressing,
Still keep untold the maiden dream ?
In fancy thou art thus caressing
The while we wander by the stream.

If thou art pained when I am near thee,
Why in my path so often stray ?
For in my heart I love, yet fear thee,
And fain would fly, yet fondly stay.

CHILDHOOD.

THE small child sang; the mother, outstretched on
the low bed,

With anguish moaned, — fair form pain should possess
not long;

For, ever nigher, death hovered around her head.

I hearkened there this moan, and heard even there
that song.

The child was but five years, and, close to the lattice, aye
Made a sweet noise with games and with his laughter
bright;

And the wan mother, beside this being the live-long day
Carolling joyously, coughed hoarsely all the night.

The mother went to sleep with them that sleep alway;
And the blithe little lad began anew to sing.

Sorrow is like a fruit: God doth not therewith weigh
Earthward the branch strong yet but for the blossoming.

EPITAPH.

HE lived and ever played, the tender smiling thing.

What need, O Earth, to have plucked this flower
from blossoming ?

Hadst thou not then the birds with rainbow colours
bright,

The stars and the great woods, the wan wave, the
blue sky ?

What need to have rapt this child from her thou
hadst placed him by, —

Beneath those other flowers to have hid this flower
from sight ?

Because of this one child thou hast no more of might ;
O star-girt Earth ! his death yields thee not higher
delight.

But, ah, the mother's heart with woe forever wild,

This heart whose sovran bliss brought forth such
bitter birth,

This world as vast as thou, — even *thou*, O sorrowless
Earth ! —

Is desolate and void because of this one child !

TO MY DAUGHTER.

MY child, thou seest I am content to wait.
So be thou too, with calm secluded mind :
Happy ? Ah no ! nor e'er with hope elate,
But still resigned.

Be humbly good, and lift a blameless brow.
As morning pours the sunlight in the skies,
Suffer, my child, thy sunnier spirit glow
Through azure eyes !

Victorious, happy, is none in this world's strife.
Time unto all a fickle lord doth prove ;
And Time 's a shadow, and, child, our little life
Is made thereof.

All men, alas ! grow weary by the way.
For to be happy — oh, fate unkind ! — to all
All 's lacking ; and, though all were granted, say
What thing so small !

And yet this little thing with anxious care
Is sought for ceaselessly, by good and vile, —
A little gold, a word, a name to wear,
A loving smile !

The mightiest king o'er love and joy is powerless ;
Vast deserts yearn for but one drop of rain.
Man is a well spring brims, till summer, showerless,
Makes void again.

Behold ! these kings of thought we divinize, —
These heroes, brows transcendent over night,
Names at whose clarion-sound most sombre skies
Flash lightning-bright, —

When once they have fulfilled their glorious doom,
Earth for awhile a little brighter made,
They find, for all reward, within the tomb
A little shade.

Kind heaven that knows our struggles and our sorrows
Hath pity on our days, sonorous, vain,
Bathing with tears bright dawn of all our morrows
Whose noon is pain.

God lightens aye the path whereon we go;
Still what he is, what we are, brings to mind;
One law revealed in all things here below,
As in mankind!

That steadfast law, bright-'stablishèd above,
On every soul its heavenly beams lets fall:
Hate nothing, O my child, but all things love,
Or pity all!



MY TWO DAUGHTERS.

IN the pure shadow-light of the soft-dying even,
One like a swan, and one like the white dove of
heaven,
Joyous, and oh, so sweet amid the sweetness round!
Behold the elder sister and younger on the ground
Seated of the dim lawn; while whispering over them
A mass of frail white blooms, entangled stem by stem,
Within a marble urn, caressed of the warm wind,
Leans to the little girls tremblingly, and there twined,
Seems on the edge of the vase amid the fairy light
A flock of butterflies, love-tranced from sunniest flight.

THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

AH, you said too often to your angel,
There are other angels in the sky ;
There, where nothing changes, nothing suffers,
Sweet it were to enter in on high,

To that dome on marvellous pilasters,
To that tent roofed o'er with coloured bars,
That blue garden full of stars like lilies,
And of lilies beautiful as stars.

And you said it was a place most joyous,
All our poor imaginings above,
With the wingèd cherubim for playmates,
And the good God evermore to love.

Sweet it were to dwell there in all seasons,
Like a taper burning day and night,
Near to the child Jesus and the Virgin,
In that home so beautiful and bright.

But you should have told him, hapless mother,
Told your child so frail and gentle too,
That you were all his in life's beginning,
But that also he belonged to you.

For the mother watches o'er the infant ;
He must rise up in her latter days.
She will need the man that was her baby
To stand by her when her strength decays.

Ah, you did not tell enough your darling
That God made us in this lower life,
Woman for the man, and man for woman,
In our pains, our pleasures, and our strife.

So that one sad day, O loss, O sorrow !
The sweet creature left you all alone ;
'T was your own hand hung the cage door open,
Mother, and your pretty bird is flown.

I AM CONTENT.

TRUE, I dwell lone,
 Upon sea-beaten cape,
Mere raft of stone,
 Whence all escape
Save one who shrinks not from the gloom,
And will not take the coward's leap i' the tomb.

My bedroom rocks
 With breezes, quakes in storms,
When dangling locks
 Of seaweed mock the forms
Of straggling clouds that trail o'er head
Like tresses out of shattered coffin-lead.

Upon the sky
 Crape palls are often nailed
With stars. Mine eye
 Has scared the gull that sailed
To blacker depths with darker scream,
Still fainter, till like voices in a dream.

My days become
More plaintive, wan, and pale,
While o'er the foam
I see, borne by the gale,
Infinity, in kindness sent,
To find me always saying: "I'm content!"

ST. JOHN.

ONE day the sombre soul, the prophet most sublime
At Patmos, who aye dreamed,
And tremblingly perused, without the vast of time,
Words that with hell-fire gleamed,

Said to his eagle, "Bird, spread wings for loftiest flight;
Needs must I see His face!"
The eagle soared. At length, far beyond day and night,
Lo! the all-sacred place.

And John beheld the way whereof no angel knows
The name, nor there hath trod;
And, lo! the place fulfilled with shadow that aye glows
Because of very God.

HOW BUTTERFLIES ARE BORN.

THE dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
The tearful roses : lo ! the little lovers
That kiss the buds, and all the flutterings
In jasmine bloom and privet of white wings
That go and come and fly and peep and hide,
With muffled music murmured far and wide.
Ah, springtime, when we think of all the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy Mays,
Of the proud hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft, silk paper that men wound,
The messages of love that mortals write,
Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April, and before the Maytime
Shredded and flown, playthings for the winds' playtime :
We dream that all white butterflies above,
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love,
And leave their lady mistress to despair,
To flirt with flowers, as tender and more fair,
Are but torn love-letters that through the skies
Flutter and float and change to butterflies.

SATIRE ON THE EARTH.

A CLOD with rugged, meagre, rust-stained, weather-
worried face,

Where care-filled creatures tug and delve to keep a
worthless race,

And glean, begrudgedly, by all their unremittent toil
Sour, scanty bread and fevered water from the un-
grateful soil ;

Made harder by their gloom than flints that gash their
harried hands,

And harder in the things they call their hearts than
wolfish bands,

Perpetuating faults, inventing novel crimes for paltry
ends,

And yet, perversest being ! hating Death, their best of
friends.

Pride in the powerful no more, no less, than in the poor ;

Hatred in both their bosoms ; love in one, or, wondrous !
two ;

Fog in the valleys ; on the mountains snowfields, ever
new,

That only melt to send down waters for the liquid hell,

Absorbing which, their strongest sons and fairest
daughters vilely fell !

No marvel ; Justice, Modesty dwell far apart and high,
Where they can hardly hear, and, rarer, answer victims'
cry.

At both extremes unflinching frost, the centre scorching
hot ;

Land-storms that strip the orchards nude, leave beaten
grain to rot ;

Oceans that rise with sudden force to wash the bloody
land,

Where war, amid sob-drowning cheers, claps weapons
in each hand.

And this to those who, luckily, abide afar, —

This is, ha, ha ! *a star !*

THE FRUIT OF ERROR.

WE roved in the orchard
To forage 'mong fruit,
And her arms were shown naked;
Like marble of Paros
They gleamed white and rosy,
Whilst winds played the lute,
And light-loving was slaked
By Amor's own Pharos.

The berries her fingers
Soon ruddled rich red,
Till they turned tapers lurid, —
Fit beacons for Hero!
And purple juice flushes
Enhaloed her head
Till I frowned, fiercely furied,
Like flambeau of Nero!

She sang between mouthfuls,
Most teasingly wild.
Oh, too well I'd have shook her!
She was offering a berry.



(Her arms held the branches)
But happ'ning to smile,
Down it dropped — I mistook her,
And kissed the lip-cherry !

AT EVENING.

MY arm pressed gently thy form, slight
And supple as the slender reed ;
Thy sweet heart quivered, even as might
A bird's wing freed.

A long while silent, we beheld
The day from heaven softly move.
What then our trembling souls fulfilled ?
Love ! Oh, our love !

Even as an angel that grows bright
And brighter, thou didst gaze on me,
Till thy star-look shone 'mid my night
Too sweet to see.

LISE.

I WAS twelve years, and she, perchance, sixteen
 (She was quite tall, and I quite small, no doubt),
But at even to speak more cosily to my queen
 I waited till her mother had gone out ;
Then I drew nigh unto her throne, I ween,
At even to speak more cosily to my queen.

Alas, the springtides flown with all their flowers !
 The long-spent fires, the many silent tombs !
Doth one remember now rose-perfumed hours ?
 Doth one remember hearts love ne'er relumes ?
She loved me : I loved her. Ah, then we were
Two children, two sweet scents, two rays of the air !

Angel God made her, fairy and princess.
 She being a trifle taller then than I,
One asked her divers questions without cease,
 For the sole pleasure of teasing her with " Why ?
But sometimes she would turn from mine eyes' gaze,
Pensive, nor dared to meet their dreamful maze.

Then I displayed entire my childhood's store
Of knowledge, and bragged fiercely of my games ;
Right proud was I to air my Latin lore,
And iterate Virgil, Phædrus, old-world names :
Nothing could check my ardour ; I braved all ;
And cried aloud, " My sire 's a general ! "

Though one be woman, yet 't is well to read
Latin, — the words are spelt out dreamfully ;
Often at church to help her in sweet need
Over her prayer-book I bent tenderly.
An angel waved above us his white wing
At vespers on the Sabbath evening.

While still I humbly called her, " Mademoiselle,"
Of me she said, " Oh, he 's the merest child ! "
Letting my eyes upon her prayer-book dwell
Quite close to hers, with passion made me wild ;
So close, indeed, that once — ah, heavenly hour ! —
My lip a-fire touched her soft cheek a-flower.

Ah, childhood's loves, so quickly in mid-May,
You are the dawn and gladness of the heart !
Be with the child still, charm him every day ;
And when night comes, bearing for her chill part
Sorrow, — ah, still let sunny memory stay
Of childhood's loves, so quickly fled away !

A WALK TO THE WOODS.

I DID not think at all of Rose,
Walking with Rose to the woods that day;
Many a chat did she propose,
But little enough had I to say.

Cold was I even as a stone,
Strolling along with careless strides.
Of flow'rs, trees, spoke I in muffled tone;
Her bright eyes seemed to ask, "Besides?"

Its pearls the dawn-dew proffered us,
And the hushed copses shadowy veils.
I hearkened ouzels clamorous;
Rose only heard the nightingales.

I sixteen years, and air morose;
Twenty she, with sparkling eyes.
Amorous nightingales piped to Rose,
Shrill ouzels mocked me with quick cries.

Rose, on slender limbs soft-swaying,
 Stretched forth her fair arms quiveringly
To pluck a ripe fruit earthward weighing, —
 And her white arm I did not see.

A brooklet tinkled clear and sweet
 Among soft mosses 'neath the trees ;
Slowly the heart of Nature beat,
 The hushed woods felt not any breeze.

Rose took off her dainty shoe,
 And plashed, with pretty pouting air,
Her snowy foot in waters blue, —
 And, ah ! I saw not her foot bare.

I knew not what to say at whiles,
 Still following her in solemn guise,
Often seeing her dreamy smiles,
 And hearing often her soft sighs.

How fair she was I did not see,
 Till tripping forth from the wood-way,
“I'll think no more of it!” said she.
 Since when I think of it alway.

THE LADY-BIRD.

“ A H ! ” she said, “ what can it be
Fidgets me ? ” I looked, and lo !

On her dimpled neck of snow
Lady-bird couched amorously.

’T was my duty — but ’t is known
At sixteen one timid is —
On her mouth to see the kiss,
Letting lady-bird alone.

Lady-bird shone like a shell,
Speckled o’er with black and rose.
All the song-birds on the boughs
Whist to see what then befell.

Mouth beamed like a rose in May.
Ah, the sweet one never stirred
While I caught the lady-bird, —
Let the kiss fly far away !

Lady-bird said, ere she flew,
 "Son, let this a lesson be;
 God must make poor beasts, like me —
Tired of making fools, like you."

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE DIVINA
COMMEDIA.

ONE evening on the road I saw a stranger come,
 Clad in an ample cloak, like consul of old Rome.
Dark did he seem to me against the moon-lit skies.
The wayfarer stood still, and fixed on me his eyes,
So dazzling, so profound, that with fierce light they
 shone.

He said, "I was at first, in ages long a-gone,
A lofty mountain, which o'er the horizon spread;
Then, a yet sightless soul. I from that prison sped,
And reached one higher step in being's rising stairs, —
I was an oak, and had my altars, priests, and prayers,
And scattered in the air mysterious sounds and strange.
Next I a lion was, in deserts vast to range,
Whose hoarse resounding voice the sable night appalled.
At length I am a man, and I am Dante called."

WHISPERS FROM THE SHADOW.

SHE said, "'T is true, I am wrong to wish a better
prize ;

Even thus the silent hours pass very sweetly by.
Still art thou there ; my eyes aye gaze within thine
eyes,

Watching the heavenly thoughts when they are born
and die.

"To see thee is delight ! Do I see wholly thee ?

Yet without doubt even now, even as it is, 't is bliss !
I watch, for every pain of thine is known to me,
Lest some intruder mar thy poet-loneliness.

"I make me very small and still beside thy feet.

Ah, thou art my strong lion, and I thy tender dove.
I hear your papers rustle till the faint sound seems
sweet ;
Sometimes your pen will fall — 't is sweet to return
it, love !

“Without doubt thou art mine; without doubt thou
art near.

High thought is a strong wine that brims the poet-
soul,

I know; but still I wish thou wouldst think of me,
dear.

When thou art buried deep thus in thy books a
whole

“Evening, and ne’er wilt raise thine head nor one word
speak,

A shadow steals within my loving heart of heart;
And that I may see thee completely, I’m so weak,
Thou must needs, now and then, see *me* upon thy
part.”

QUIA PULVIS ES.

THESE souls depart, and those remain.
Beneath the sombre storm whence myriad
voices plain,
Dust and humanity are driven by one dire breath.
Alas! the self-same wind smites from the shadow of
death
On all wan earth's pale mortal brows,
On all sere leaves of forest boughs.

Those that abide to them that flee,
Say, "Your frail forms, O sad ones! scarce we see.
Alas! man's loving words no longer will ye hear;
No longer see the trees, nor the blue heaven so dear.
For slumber eternal are ye dight;
Ye sink in the vast void of night!"

Those that flee to them that abide,
Say, "Ye have naught but bitter tears to approve your
pride.
Glory and happiness with you are words deceiving;
From the kind hands of God true gifts are we receiving.
O living brethren! phantoms ye.
By only death alive are we!"

ONE DAY I SAW.

ONE day I saw, upright upon the surging ocean,
Pass, with sails swelling brave,
A stately ship strong winds swept by in swiftest
motion,
Engirt with star and wave ;

And lo ! I heard from out the abysm of silent skies
Which joins the abysm of sea,
Sound in mine ear a wondrous voice whereof mine eyes
The god-mouth could not see :

"O poet, thou dost well ! Singer with mournful brow,
A-nigh the waves aye dream,
And from the sea profound draw treasures thou dost
know,
O'er all life's gifts supreme !

"The sea is God, who breathes through all the lives
that are
Halcyon or hurricane ;
The wind, too, is high God ; God, too, the guiding star :
The passing ship is man."

'TIS ALL THE FASHION, WELL I KNOW.

'T IS all the fashion, well I know,
To run about the world and scream
That they the greater wisdom show
Who of vast non-existence dream ;

Who praise black, desolating fame,
Heroes and iron flashing bright,
Battles and war, the glorious name
Men make themselves, of death and night ;

Who praise the victories of steel,
Good fortune, and the victor's car,
Of which the one and t' other wheel
Pompey and laurelled Cæsar are ;

Cannæ, Pharsalia's bloody day,
And all that Neros pleasant found,
Of human dust to waft away
Upon the trumpet's idle sound.

I know 't is now the common way
Those pygmy giants to adore,
Who think, because they're froth and spray,
That ocean's mighty floods they pour;

To put your faith in dust alone,
And chatter, which a week destroys;
In lofty pyramids of stone,
And in an avalanche of noise.

But I prefer, O happy springs!
But I prefer, O rivers fair!
Unto the God of warrior kings,
The God who makes the birds his care.

My angel child, beneath the shade
Where we are bright because we love,
More than the God who tempests made,
And in whose name battalions move;

More than the God of armies dire,
Of cannons with their deadly store,
Of wounds and slaughter, smoke and fire,—
The God of goodness I adore.

The God who souls to love inclines,
Who to the lover's heart supplies
The poem's first inspired line, —
The last descended from the skies ;

Who clothes the wing with feathers o'er,
Who cares what nests and eggs betides,
Whether the thrush has mossy store,
And for the plovers corn provides ;

Who for each songful Orpheus forms
A world of vast and subtle power,
Which with delightful fairies swarms,
When April sprouts with blade and flower ;

So that, ere long, abroad it flies,
Scattered throughout the genial spring ;
While does a wondrous halo rise
From all the nests that sweetly sing.

Although our glory dost thou see
Shines from the exploits we have done,
And that our famous history
Holds many a famous Pantheon ;

Although we have these swords of ours,
Cheops and Babel, mighty fane,
Vast palaces and dreams and towers
And tombs that to the heavens attain;

Little of worth with men would stay,
Who but a day's brief span abide,
If God our roses took away;
If God the sweets of love denied.



UNITY.

FROM the bright sky, just o'er far shadowy hills,
The sun, vast flower God's ageless smile fulfils,
Bows over earth ere yet to night it yield.
A humble daisy, blooming nigh a field
On an old wall quick-crumbling with decay,
Spreads snowy petals in her tender way;
And the small floweret, fain her lord to woo,
Regards intently 'mid the eternal blue
The grand star dazzling sky and land and sea.
"Like mine thy rays, sweetheart!" soft murmurs she.

'T IS COLD.

THE hard white road shows winter's hold,
The wicked make thy days a prey;
Thy small soft hands are nipped with cold,
And hatred's breath thy joy would stay.

The snow fills the dark furrows o'er,
And faint and failing is the light.
Against the north wind close the door,
And close the window to the night;

And then your heart leave open wide, —
A sacred window is the heart.
Though now the sun thick vapours hide,
God will, perhaps, some rays impart.

Doubt happiness, — vain mortal feast, —
Doubt man, with cruel envy ripe,
Doubt thou the altar and the priest,
But, oh, believe in love, my life!

Believe in love which naught can tire,
Which bright through every veil appears ;
In love, the fuel of the fire ;
In love, the ray that lights the spheres.

Love ! and ne'er yield thee to despair ;
Within thy soul, which bears my trace,
Where whispered low my verses are,
Leave everything to keep its place.

The faith which never fails or halts,
The peace which lofty virtues bring,
Indulgence for a neighbour's faults,
The sponge which wipes out everything, —

From these pure, noble thoughts of thine
Let nothing fall, nor shrink from sight.
Make of your love a torch to shine :
What burns may also give us light.

To those fiends of unfriendliness
Match thy calm sweetness, early, late :
Of pity pour them back no less
Than they do vomit thee of hate.

Hate is the winter of the heart.

Thy pity, yet thy courage keep ;

Smile on ! for thou the victor art :

Rainbow ! forth from the tempest leap.

Preserve thy love, which cannot die :

Winter dims not the stars that roll.

God withdraws nothing from the sky :

Withdraw thou nothing from thy soul.



FEBRUARY 15, 1843.

LOVE him who loves thee, and with him be blest.

Farewell ! His treasure be, as thou wert mine.

Go, my blest child ! to the new house, now thine,

And make them happy, and leave us distrest.

We fain would keep — they long for thee the while !

Daughter, wife, angel, child, with duties cope,

Twofold, — leave us regret, and bring them hope :

Go forth with tears, and enter with a smile.

I BUT BREATHE WHERE THROBS
THY HEART.

I BUT breathe where throbs thy heart.

What the use, I prithee say,
To remain if thou depart?
Live, if thou wilt go away?

Why live as the shadow lone
Of my angel, ta'en to flight?
Why 'neath skies that darkly frown
Be no more than dismal night?

A flower upon the wall I grow,
April my sole wealth I call;
'T is enough that thou shouldst go:
Then naught will remain at all.

With bright rays you circle me,
Sight of you is all my care;
'T is enough that thou shouldst flee:
I must follow anywhere.

If thou go, my head will bow,
My soul the sky — its nest of old —
Seek ; for in thy white hand thou
That wild bird dost prisoner hold.

What do with this life of mine,
If thy step I hearken not ?
Is't my life, or is it thine,
Which departs ? I nothing wot.

When my courage fails or sinks,
From thy heart new strength I take ;
I am like the dove who drinks
From the sky-reflecting lake.

Love the soul can clearly tell
Of all things or sad or bright,
And that little flame as well
Lightens up the Infinite.

Total Nature without thee
Is a jail with bolted door ;
There I go, as chance may be,
Wan and pale, and loved no more.

Go! Then all things fade and fall,
Gloom doth on my forehead stand;
A feast is but a funeral,
Exile e'en my native land.

I entreat, nay, will be heard:
Fly not from my miseries;
Of my soul thou art the bird
Who dost sing among my trees.

What can any joy bestow?
What henceforward can I fear?
With my life what can I do,
If thou art no longer near?

In the sun's light thou dost bear,
In the flowery thickets bring,
On one angel's wing my prayer,
And my songs on 't other wing.

To the fields what shall I say?—
Witness of my hopeless woe;
With the star's bright golden ray,
With the flowers, what can I do?

What say to the woods morose
That did in thy sweetness bask ?
What can answer to the rose,
Which will for her sister ask ?

I shall die ! Go, if thou dare !
Of what use, O circling days !
To look on things however fair,
When not gladdened by her gaze ?

What do with my harp the while ?
What with right or destiny ?
Ah, without thy sunny smile,
How void will my mornings be !

What without thy fellowship
Do with day ? do with the skies ?
With my kiss without thy lip ?
With my tears without thine eyes ?

EVENING JOYS.

ON mountains, when the sun his light sinks low,
And level shafts speed from his golden bow,
The does and fawns fill all the hills and heath ;
There, 'mid the rocks like marble veined, one sees
A happy cot. Above are blooming trees,
And blooming children are beneath.

'T is now the time on fearful things to think :
Topers, one sees round tables dance and drink,
Striking their stools in boisterous delight,
And with their loves some noisy chorus shout.
The letters of the songs their lips tell out
Soon will their names upon their tombstones write.

To die ! Let 's ask ourselves each passing day,
How shall we pass along that latest way ?
Hard 't is to nobly draw our parting breath !
Dismal the hour, and apt the soul to fail.
Ah, to step forth ! Oh, what a fearful valed
Is the dark ambuscade of death !

Livid, death-clutched, his bones cold shivers through ;
Round him, all live, laugh, love, pass to and fro ;
Flowers shine, and birds sing in their summer sky.

The dying man, while life's flame sinks and flies,
Shrinks 'neath the sky, the soul's dark precipice, —
Abyss of darkness and tranquillity.

When I recall the strange, pale brow of those
Whom I have watched at that dread hour's close, —
Friends, brothers, parents, who have all passed by, —
At moments, when to dream the spirit dares,
I often ask, "At what is it that stares
The dying man's scared eye?"

What sees he? Ah, dismay! — dark shadowy routes ;
A chaos made of spectres and of doubts ;
Earth a mere dream, worms the reality ;
Dim day that frights the soul now called away,
And mingles with expiring life's last ray
Thy earliest glare, dreadful Eternity !

One feels a horrid stab dealt in the shade
Our deeds all flee as in some masquerade ;
All that once smiled remorse or pain appears.

Dread hour, e'en for the loftiest soul to meet,
When truth unveils, when life throws at your feet
Its mask, and "I am Death!" declares.

If thus you fright hearts void of self-reproach,
Thou grave! all horror-struck, the bad approach:
Thy depth he deems of crimson flame the abode.

When o'er thy void for him the stone is raised,
He leans, and sees, as in a dream amazed,
The vague, dim face, and the fixed eye of God.

'MID DOUBTS AND RECKONINGS.

'MID doubts and reckonings, while the mariner
Seeks from the stars to find his ocean ways,
And while the shepherd with enraptured gaze
In the thick woods looks for his path and star,
While the astronomer, immersed in rays,

Can million leagues away a globe pursue, —
In heaven's pure space I seek another thing.
But the dark sapphire vault transcends my view;
Nor can we see by night, in robes of blue,
Angels, that cross the sky on silent wing.

OUR LIFE TOGETHER.

WHEN we our life together led
On the hill-side, now long ago,
Where waved the trees, and waters sped,
Where the house hugged the wood below,

She was ten years; thrice ten was I
I was the universe to her.
How sweet the grass, how clear the sky,
Beneath the thick green woods of fir.

My lot she glad and happy made,
My labours light, and blue my sky
When she "My father!" to me said,
My full heart would "My God!" reply.

'Mid thousand dreams by fancy wrought,
I heard her prattle, fond and bright;
My forehead shadowed o'er with thought,
Her merry glance o'erflowed with light.

And when her little hand I took,
Like a princess she proudly trod,
And always would for flowers look,
And for the poor upon the road.

As others steal she gave her store,
Then would from observation flit.
Oh, the fine little frock she wore!
Ah, me! do you remember it?

Each evening she beside my light
Prattled in low melodious strain,
While out of doors the moths of night
Struck up against the window-pane,

She was like angels of the skies;
How charmingly she greeted you!
Heaven's grace had placed within her eyes
The look that could not be untrue.

I was so young when she was born
To shine upon my destiny,
She was the child of my glad morn,
The star of dawn that lit my sky.

And when the moon shone calm and clear
In heaven, in those past days so good,
How did we wander far and near,
Or in the plain or in the wood !

Then towards the isolated light,
Which, star-like, in our cottage burned,
By the vale hastening through the night,
The corner of the wall we turned.

When home regained, with hearts inflamed,
We told heaven's glories o'er and o'er :
I that young spirit shaped and framed,
As bees concoct their honey store.

And then how glad she was, how gay,
Sweet angel with unspotted mind !
But all these things are passed away, —
Gone like a shadow or the wind !

PALE WAS SHE, AND YET ROSY RED.

PALE was she, and yet rosy red,
Slight, with a wealth of waving hair;
I will" was what she never said,
But often said, "I do not dare."

My Bible every eve she took,
To teach her sister how to spell;
And, like a peaceful lamp, her look
On that young heart in splendour fell.

On that blest Book, by me admired,
Their eyes the holy pages sought, —
Book where the one, to read, acquired,
And where the other gathered thought.

O'er her, who, singly, had not read,
Her charming brow she used to lean, —
Some aged parent, you had said,
So staid and gentle was her mien.

“You must be good,” she then would say,
Yet never named the Evil One;
From page to page their fingers stray,
On Moses, and on Solomon;

On Cyrus, who was Persia's king,
On Moloch and Leviathan;
On hell, where Jesus hope may bring;
Eden, where Satan's fraud began.

I listened. Oh, enormous joy!
Sister by sister to behold;
My eyes, in silent ecstasy,
Drank sweetness more than can be told.

And in our room, retired and low,
We felt (all three, as hid we stood),
Through the wide open casement blow
The breathings of the night and wood.

And while from out the page august
Their hearts, with holy fervour fraught,
Sought out the fair, the true, the just,
Wrapped in ecstatic dreams, methought

That songs of praise surrounded me,
Such as in heaven above find voice,
And 'neath those angel hands to see
The Book of God itself rejoice.



THE LOVE-SONG.

COME, O come! an unseen flute
'Mid the orchard bowers is sighing.
Ah, the song that makes most mute
Is the shepherd-song soft dying.

Breezes, 'neath the elm vine-clad,
Gently fret the river shadows.
Ah, the song that makes most glad
Is the bird-song from the meadows.

Be no care in thy bright breast.
Let us love! Ay, love forever!
Ah, the song the loveliest
Is the love-song, silenced never.

MEMORIES.

O MEMORIES ! O morn ! O spring !
Soft ray with warmth, yet grief beset,
When she was but a little thing,
Her sister a mere child as yet !

Chance you upon the hill to know,
Which joins Montlignon to Saint Leu,
A terrace leaning on the brow,
'Twixt sombre woods and skies of blue ?

'T was there we lived. Dive once again,
My heart, into that happy day.
I heard her 'neath my window-pane,
At early morning gently play.

The dewy grass she hurried o'er,
Noiseless, for fear my sleep to break ;
To ope my window I forbore,
Lest to her wings my bird should take.

Her brothers laughed. Ah, morning sky !
All things with songs of gladness rang ;
The house with Nature's melody,
And with the birds my children sang.

I coughed, and she grew wondrous brave ;
She climbed with gentle steps and slow,
And told, in words demure and grave,
" I've left the children down below."

No matter well or ill attired,
If joyful was my heart or sad,
My fairy, she was still admired,
Still was the star that made me glad.

In games the live-long day we pass, —
Sweet intercourse, delightful play ;
At eve, as she the eldest was,
" Come, father ! " she was wont to say,

" We're going now to bring your chair ;
You must some wondrous story tell."
I saw how bright their glances were, —
Rays fit in paradise to dwell.

Then would I make some tale profound,
Of fights and slaughter prodigal ;
And all my characters I found
Among the shadows on the wall.

These four dear heads, how joyously
They laughed ! as children only laugh,
While hideous giants stupidly
Were vanquished by the clever dwarf.

Homer and Ariosto, I
An epic at the moment wrought,
The while their mother, sitting by,
Looked at them while they laughed — and thought.

Their grandsire, reading in the shade,
Oft towards them lifted up his eyes ;
Whilst I by the dark window stayed,
Watching a corner of the skies.

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Watching a corner of the skies.



AFTER THEOCRITUS.

BARE-FOOT, bare brows, with wind and waters
bland

Kissed, she sat there among the river-reeds ;
Deeming her some princess from fairyland,
I murmured, " Wilt thou wander through the
meads ? "

She looked at me with that supreme regard
Wherewith bright beauty makes its conqueror quake ;
I murmured, " 'T is Love's month ; across the sward
To the deep woods wilt thou our way we take ? "

Upon the happy grass she dried her feet,
Then looked my heart through yet a second time, —
Growing the while, for sportive, pensive-sweet.
Oh, how the wood birds rang their golden chime !

How amorously on banks warm wavelets purl !
Through flowering reeds, white brow and bosom bare,
Coming towards me I saw the wild, sweet girl,
Her hair in her eyes, and laughing through her hair.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

THE time is come for me to rest,
Whom doth harsh fate in anguish steep;
Be all speech else henceforth repress,
Save of the darkness where we sleep.

Wherefore now bid me recommence?
To hope, to work, alike I cease;
Of all creation's wealth immense,
Silence alone I ask, and peace.

Why urge me still, thus sorrow-worn?
My task and antics all are done:
He who has laboured ere the morn,
Before the sunset may be gone.

At twenty years! Ah, loss and woe!
My eyes, fixed on the ground I pace,
Have lost the habit long ago
Of seeing my dear mother's face.

The dark tomb hid her from my sight ;
And well you know that now to-day
I seek, within that dawnless night,
Another angel fled away.

You know that, mastered by despair,
I struggle with my grief in vain :
A father now, the pangs I bear,
Of which when young I felt the strain.

You say my work is incomplete ! —
Like Adam banished, Eden gone !
The future that my gaze doth greet
Shows me too well my work is done.

The humble child God snatched away,
By her mere loving, helped me well ;
It was my happiness each day
To see her eyes upon me dwell.

.

Leave me ! Rest is my sole desire.
I've ended ! Fate is conqueror.
Why strive you to re-light the fire
In my sad heart, grief-shadowed o'er ?

Still you solicit, and you say,
I must, for duty, reason, right,
Show the blind multitude the way
Towards the horizon's waking light;

That, when at last men rising seem,
The sage untired pursues his end, —
Himself a debt to all who dream,
Himself a debt to all who wend;

That a true soul with ardour fired,
By its own light should speed the pace
Of the expansion long desired,
Long hindered, of the human race;

That faithful hearts obey the call,
Unfrighted by the ocean's roar,
Of right's initiate festival,
Of mighty spirits' giant war.

You see the tears run down my cheek
And still you urge and hold me wrong,
As by the arm you shake, and seek
To rouse a man who sleeps too long.

But think what 't is you do. Ah, woe!
That angel fair, with locks of gold,
When to your feast you bid me go,
May in her silent grave be cold.

Wan, palid, livid, it may be,
She asks, in her straight bed and still,
"Can father have forgotten me?
No longer here? I am so chill!"

What! When I now can scarcely bear
The memory of my vacant home;
When, wounded, wearied, I despair,
And seem to hear her saying, "Come!"

What! You can wish me to desire,
Though bowed by blow of sudden fate,
The fame which greets the poet's lyre,
The shouts which on the champion wait?

You wish that I my part should take
In triumphs dear to gilded pride;
Bid sleepers to the dawn awake,
Bid peoples hope and onward stride?

Mixed in the strife, you wish that I
Foremost amidst the strong should tread,
My eyes uplifted to the sky. —
Ah, thick the grass grows o'er the dead !

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW morn, what time the fields grow
white,

I shall set off ; I know you look for me,
Across the forest's gloom, the mountain height ;
I can no longer dwell away from thee.

I'll walk with eyes upon my thoughts intent,
Hearing no outer noise, seeing no sight ;
Alone, unknown, hands clasped, and earthward bent,
Sad, and the day for me shall be as night.

On evening's golden hues I shall not gaze,
Nor on the vessels that to Harfleur come ;
But my quest o'er, upon thy grave shall place
A wreath of holly green, and heather bloom.

VENI, VIDI, VIXI.

I HAVE lived long enough, since in my grief
I walk, nor any arm to help is found ;

Since I scarce laugh at the dear children round,
Since flowers henceforth can give me no relief ;

Since in the spring, when God makes Nature crave,
I see with joyless soul that love so bright ;
Since reached the hour when man avoids the light,
And knows the bitterness that all things have.

Since from my soul all hope has passed away ;
Since, in this month of fragrance and the rose,
My child, I wish to share thy dark repose ;
Since dead my heart, too long in life I stay.

From earth's set task I never sought to fly :
Ploughed is my furrow, and my harvest o'er.
Cheerful I lived, and gentle more and more ;
Erect, yet prone to bow towards mystery.

I've done my best ; with work and watching worn,
I've seen that many mocked my grieving state ;
And I have wondered at their causeless hate,
Having much sorrow and much labour borne.

In this world's jail, where all escape is vain,
Unmurmuring, bleeding, prostrate 'neath the shock,
Silent, exhausted, jeered by felon mock,
I've dragged my link of the eternal chain ;

Now my tired eyes are but half open kept ;
To turn when I am called is all I can,
Wearied and stupefied, and like a man
Who rises e'er the morn, and ne'er has slept.

Idle through grief, I neither deign nor care
Notice to take of envy's noisome spite.
O Lord ! now open me the gates of night,
That I may get me gone, and disappear.

A NIGHT RIDE THROUGH THE FOREST.

DEEP black the night, dark was the forest made ;
Hermann, who rode beside me, seemed a shade.

Our horses galloped, kept by God from harm ;
The sky-clouds seemed like marbles to the view ;
The stars of heaven through forest branches flew,
As if of flaming birds a swarm.

Full of regrets am I, — broken by care ;
Hermann's deep soul of every hope is bare.

Full of regrets am I : " O love, sleep well !"
Here, as the wan green branches o'er us wave,
Said he, " I dream of the half-open grave."

I said, " On graves now closed my musings dwell."

He to the future looks, I to the past.
Our horses galloped through the glade in haste :

The far off angelus the chill wind bore.
He said, " I dream of those whose lives are pain,
Of those who are and live." I said again :

" I think of those who are no more."

The fountains sang : what was 't the fountains spoke ?
The oak was murmuring : what said the oak,

As to old friends the boughs their greetings tell ?
Then Hermann said, " No sleep the living catch :
Even now are eyes that weep, and eyes that watch."

I said, " Alas ! but others sleep too well."

Hermann, once more : " Life is but misery.

The dead grieve not, they happy are ; and I

Envy their graves, grown o'er with trees and blooms ;
For they are cheered by the soft flames of night.
And on all souls the heavens shed calm delight,
At the same time, in all their tombs."

I said, " Be still ! Dread this black mystery !

The earth-hid dead, beneath our feet they lie :

The dead are hearts which loved you many a day, —
Parents, the angel bride whom late you had.
With bitter irony make them not sad ;
As through a dream they hearken what we say."

AT VILLEQUIER.

NOW Paris, with its streets and palaces,
 Its fogs and roofs, has vanished from my eyes :
Now that I stand beneath the boughs and trees,
 And think upon the beauty of the skies ;

Now that from gloom which on my soul had lain,
 Pale victor I depart,
And of great Nature feel the power again
 Enter into my heart, —

Now I have strength, seated by ocean's bound,
 Moved by the far horizon, grand and still,
To fathom in myself the truths profound,
 And watch the flowers which the meadows fill.

Now, O my God ! I have the calmer woe ;
 Able, the while I weep,
To see the stone where, in night, well I know,
 She does forever sleep.

Now that, made softer by these sights divine, —
Plain, forest, valley, river, rocks, and sky, —
Viewing myself by these vast works of thine,
Reason returns before immensity.

Father and Lord, in whom we must believe,
I come, perverse no more ;
Shreds of the heart thy glory fills, receive,
Shattered by thee of yore.

I come to thee, O Lord, who art, I know,
O living God ! good, merciful, and kind.
I own that you alone know what you do ;
That men are reeds that tremble in the wind.

I say the tomb which on the dead is shut
Opens the heavenly hall ;
And what we here for end of all things put,
Is the first step of all.

Now on my knees I own, O Lord august !
The real, the absolute, belong to Thee ;
I own that it is good, I own it just,
My heart should bleed, since such is God's decree.

Whate'er may happen, I resist no more,
But with thy will comply.
The soul, from loss to loss, from shore to shore,
Rolls to eternity.

We never see more than a single side, —
The other plunged in night's dread mystery.
Man feels the yoke : thou dost the causes hide, —
Brief, useless, fleeting, all that meets his eye.

Thou makest a perpetual solitude
Wrap all his steps around.
Thou hast not seen it fit that certitude
Or joy should here be found.

Whatever good he has fate takes away ;
Naught can he call his own in life's quick flight,
So that he here can make a home, or say,
Here is my house, my field, or my delight.

All sights he may but for a moment see,
Must age, unhelped, alone.
Since things are thus, 't is that they so must be :
I own it — yes, I own.

Dark is the world ! The changeless harmony,
O God ! of cries, as well as songs, is made.
Man but a speck in dread infinity, —
Night where the good mount up, and sink the bad.

Thou hast, I know, to do far other things
Than pitying men below ;
That the child's death, which the fond mother wrings,
Is naught to thee, I know.

That fruits must fall beneath the wind I feel,
Flowers lose their scent, and song of birds be hushed ;
That all creation is a mighty wheel
That cannot move without some being crushed.

Months, days, the ocean waves, and eyes that cry,
Beneath the blue sky go.
'T is fit the grass should spring, and children die :
O God ! all this I know.

Within the skies, beyond the worlds that swarm,
Deep in the azure calm that sleeps afar,
Perchance things we may know not thou dost form,
For which man's sorrows necessary are.

To plans unnumbered, thou mayst needful find
That beings dear and sweet
Should fly away, snatched by the stormy wind,
Some end of thine to meet.

Our dismal fates 'neath laws enormous go,
Which naught can disconcert, naught mollify ;
Thou canst not interrupting mercies show,
And worlds derange, and thy calm laws defy.

O God ! I do beseech you from aloft
My soul to mark and view ;
That, meek as childhood, and as woman soft,
I come to worship you.

Consider that I had, from earliest dawn,
Pondered and battled, laboured, marched, and fought ;
To men displaying Nature else unknown,
And all things with your light have clearly taught ;

And that, confronting bitter hate and rage,
Had done my task below ;
And that I could not look for such a wage,
And that I could not know

That you, too, on the head which I incline,
The weight of your triumphant arm would lay ;
That you, who knew how little joy was mine,
So speedily would snatch my child away.

That souls so struck, their murmurings allow ;
That, uttering blasphemies,
I threw cries at you, as a child might throw
A pebble at the sea.

Consider, Lord, doubt springs from sufferings ;
That eyes that weep too long are rendered blind ;
That he whom grief in darkest chasms flings,
When he no more beholds, you cannot find ;

That man, when wrecked in fierce affliction's sea,
O'erborne in sorrow's war,
Cannot his soul in calm serenity
Keep, as the cold, fixed star:

To-day I, who erst was even as a mother, weak,
Crouch at your feet before your open skies ;
I feel a light on my dark sorrows break,
As on your worlds I look with juster eyes.

Lord, now I see the madness of the man
Who e'er to murmur dares ;
I cease from all reproach, I cease to ban,
But, oh, permit me tears !

Ah, from my eyelids let my tears flow down,
Since for this purpose men created were :
Let me still lean over that cold, hard stone,
And ask my child, " Feel you that I am here ? "

Let me speak to her, though, alas ! in vain,
Where she in silence lies,
As if, her heavenly eyes unclosed again,
That angel heard my cries.

When to the past I turn an envious eye,
Though nothing furnish consolation may,
That moment of my life is ever nigh
I saw her spread her wings and fly away.

That instant shall I see till I be dead,
When, weeping uselessly,
Frantic, I cried, " The child e'en now I had,
Is she then torn from me ? "

Oh, be not angered that I thus remain,
My God, for so long time has bled this wound
My soul must feel this agonizing pain, —
Submits, but has not resignation found.

Oh, be not angered : brows which griefs control,
Mortals to tears a prey, —
It is not easy to withdraw our soul
From these great pangs away.

Look, Lord ! our children are our chief delight.
When we have seen upon our life arise,
'Mid grief, annoys, and troubles, day and night,
And the dark shade that makes our destinies,

A child, — a treasure, sanctified and dear,
A being full of joy, —
So fair, that, when it came, unclosed appear
The portals of the sky ;

When this new self we sixteen years have seen
To loveliest grace, to sweetest reason, come ;
When it is known this well-loved child has been
The daylight of our soul and of our home ;

That 't is the one true pleasure here below,
Of all the dreams we made ;
Think, 't is a piteous thing, a piercing blow,
To see it flit and fade !



ALL MY VERSES.

ALL my verses, fond frail things,
Toward thy bower would flee away :
If my verses had but wings, —
Wing of bird or wing of fay.

Flames with fitful flutterings,
Towards thy hearth they'd flash, to cheer it :
If my verses had but wings, —
Wing of bird or wing of spirit.

Round thee aye, in fairy rings
Would they circle, bright above :
If my verses had but wings, —
Wing of bird or wing of love !

AT THE FEUILLANTINES.

MY brothers twain and I — mere children at the
time —

Our mother bade us play, but told us not to climb
Upon the ladder, nor upon her flowers to tread.

Abel the eldest was, and I myself the least.
We munched our crusts of bread with such amazing
zest
The village women laughed, as we beside them sped.

To play our games, we climbed to the old convent loft,
And there, the while we played, our eyes regarded oft
A book, which on a press seemed inaccessible.

One day we tried until we reached the great black book.
How 't was I cannot say that we the treasure took,
But that a Bible 't was, this I remember well.

Just like a censer's smell was the old book's perfume.
Rejoiced, at once we sought the corner of the room:
We found it full of prints — what glory and delight!



Peint par Ch. Landello.

Photogravure Goupy & C^{ie}

We spread our precious prize wide open on our knees,
And the first words we read did so our fancy please
That we went reading on, our games forgetting quite.

Thus we three read and read, till out the morning ran,
Joseph, Ruth, Boaz, and the good Samaritan ;
And ever better pleased, at eve, too, read it oft,

As children who have made some bird of heaven their
prize,
Laughing, each other call, with joyous, wondering eyes,
To find beneath their hands how smooth its down and
soft.



WRITTEN AT THE FOOT OF A CRUCIFIX.

ALL ye that weep come unto One who weeps ;
All ye that suffer come to One who cures ;
All trembling hearts, be still : he pity keeps ;
All passers-by, oh, tarry : he endures.

DEATH.

I SAW the reaper toiling far and wide,
Reaping his field, with long and speedy stride.
Black skeleton! Night followed on his track,
While in that shade all trembled and drew back.
The sickle's flash man followed with his eye:
The victors 'neath the arch of victory
Fell; now to a waste he changes Babylon;
Thrones into scaffolds, scaffold into throne;
Makes roses refuse; children, birds or dreams;
Gold turns to cinders, mothers' eyes to streams.
"Give back that little child!" the mothers cry;
"Why make him born, so over-soon to die!"
Earth was one sob, — high, low, 't was all the same.
Those bony hands from endless pallets came;
Cold, shivery winds the shrouds unnumbered shook;
Dazed seemed the people 'neath that fatal hook, —
A trembling flock that in the shade took flight.
All 'neath his feet was mourning, fear, and flight.
Behind, his brow with gentle flames bathed o'er,
His sheaf of souls a smiling angel bore.

THOUGHTS UPON THE DUNES.

NOW that my time does like a flambeau waste ;
Now that my tasks are fully wrought ;
Now that my steps to the grave's margin haste,
By years and constant mourning fraught ;

And that, far from the heavens I dreamed when young,
I see snatched into night away,
Like whirlwind of the past, which speeds along,
So many a glad departed day ;

Now that I say, "To-day we triumph gain ;
To-morrow all delusion seems," —
Sadly I walk beside the boundless main,
Bent towards the ground, as one who dreams.

Over the hills and valleys I look forth,
Over the ever-restless seas,
And mark the vulture talons of the north
Bear off as prey the cloudy fleece.

I listen to the rock-beat surf and wind,
And to the reapers as their toil they ply,
Comparing, in my sad and pensive mind,
The sounds of murmuring horror and of joy.

At times I lie stretched out, and never rise,
Upon the scant grass of the moor,
Until I see the moon's ill-omened eyes
As in a dream their glances pour.

Rising, she casts a long and sleepy ray
On space, the deep, and mystery ;
And we each other with fixed eyes survey, —
She shining bright, and I who sigh.

Where, then, have fled away my vanished years ?
My face, is there a soul who knows ?
Say, in my eyes if one last glance appears,
Which of my life's glad morning shows.

Weary and lone ! has all, then, flown away ?
I call : none is there to reply !
O wind ! O seas ! am I but only spray ?
Alas ! naught but a breath am I.

All that I loved, shall I ne'er witness more ?

All glooms in me their dwellings have.

O Earth, whose summits fogs and mists hang o'er !

Am I a ghost ? Art thou the grave ?

Have I exhausted all life, love, hope, joy ? —

I ask, implore, I listen, wait,

And lean o'er all my urns to see if I

Can find one drop my thirst to sate.

How is remorse akin to memory !

How everything to tears leads back !

How cold, O Death ! I feel thy touch when nigh, —

Bolt of life's portal, dread and black.

Then, as I listen to the wind's chill roar,

And the waves' countless ripples on the strand,

I think, "Yet summer smiles upon this shore,

And thistles blue still blossom on the sand !"

BELIEVE, BUT NOT IN OURSELVES.

BECAUSE we 've ta'en a bit of cloth or loaf
To some poor cottage, 'neath a tottering roof,
Like a nest hid among the wind-blown leaves ;
Because we cast the scraps one not perceives
To starving infancy or agèd woe,
To poverty (God's presence here below) ;
Because beneath our board we let Christ feed, —
We're virtuous, and we praise our bounteous deed !
We cry, " I'm perfect ! Laud me ! Here I am !"
And while for this or that, great God we blame, —
For rain, for harm we say by him is done,
For heat, for cold, — *we* claim high heaven as won !
The rich man — idle, gorged, and proud — allows
Some coins to slip from his gilt halls on those
Whom the black winter nips and famine bites ;
That man of wealth, who shines, and gives some mites
From his excess to him who nothing hath ;
Who, since the poor some pennies from his path
Pick up, is proud, blind to his own base plight ;
And though o'er rich, lacks the first requisite, —
Justice ; and laughs the wolf who trots along,

To see called good mere abstinence from wrong.
We good ! we brotherly ! Filth ! rottenness !
But turn your eyes towards Nature's tenderness.
Cold hearts are we, which selfishness constrains,
By that vast love which endless bounty rains.
All our best actions are not worth one rose
Soon as one grain of kindness we disclose,
We boast. Alas ! vain breaths that flee away,
God gives the dawn, nor reckons every ray ;
Gives dew to flowers, nor reckons every drop.
We all are naught, — our merits well might stop
In hollow of the stone where drinks the bird.
Man, — pygmy man, — by giant pride is stirred.
Bounties our hearts dispense with haughty boast,
Absorbed by vanity, are sunk and lost.
E'en when we help the poor with accents mild,
Still pride is there, and all our gold defiled :
Spectral, as we ourselves, the good we do.
God, who alone is living, dread, kind, true, —
Who judges, loves, forgives, constructs, destroys, —
Beholds our loftiest acts with pitying eyes.
O quickly fleeting ! your own help disown ;
Think, live upon your knees, trust God alone ;
Try to be wise, meek, good, with anxious care,
Nor take one step which is not propped by prayer ;

For our perfections will but little shine,
When dead, before the stars and skies divine.
God only saves us ; and 't is vain to dream
Our earthly sparks can in high heaven beam
Radiant as seemed he to our darkened sight ;
Good, to our hearts unformed to judge aright.
Whate'er his deeds, he whom on earth we scan
As just, good, pure, wise, great, is there but man, —
That is, mere darkness to the light above ;
His love, mere hate, placed by that boundless love ;
And all his splendours, in remorseful fright,
Exclaim, on seeing God, " We are but night !"
God is the only light the world can need, —
Atoms and space are in this text agreed.
God only great, the humble flowerets name ;
And only true, the mighty floods proclaim ;
And only good, winds tell, from spot to spot.
O man ! let idle vaunts deceive you not.
Whence did you spring, to think that you can be
Better than God, who made the stars and sea,
And who awakes you when your rest is done
With that prodigious smile of love, the sun ?

TO HER WHO REMAINS IN FRANCE.

ERST when September steeped in tears came back,
My friends all left, I trod the dismal track.
I fled — the stir, the life of Paris lost;
I went, — no mortal, but a shuddering ghost.
I sped alone, without sight, thought, or speech,
Well knowing I the fated spot should reach.
Alas! no words could my deep anguish sound.
Like one attracted by some gulf profound,
Whether the way was wet, cold, good, or bad,
I knew not, marching till the goal was had;
O memories! O dread hills where woes abide!
And while her mother and her sister cried
In the lone home, I sought the dark recess,
Gloom-wrapt, with all-despairing eagerness.
Next, the sad field beside the church I find,
Bare-headed, slow, hair floating to the wind;
As I drew near, my gaze fixed on the sky,
The trees low murmured, "Comes the father nigh?"
Brambles divide their boughs, nor cause delay;
O'er many a fallen cross I make my way.

Some fond funereal words my anguish found,
Then 'mid the shrubs I knelt upon the ground,
On the white stone round which green mosses creep.
Ah! why so still thine unresponsive sleep
That when I call, you never hear me cry?
And fishermen with trailing nets passed by,
And said, "Who is that man, thought-wrapt and
lone?"

And day and eve, and shadows lengthy grown,
And Venus, which long time had shone o'erhead
The while I lingered waiting, — all were fled!
Praying to him who listens when we crave,
I worshipped, letting fall upon the grave
Where I had seen my heavens all disappear
My whole heart, drop by drop, in silent tear.
I plucked leaves one by one, and sadly smiled,
As I remembered, when a little child,
When she would bring me lilies, pinks, and when
She in her little fingers took my pen,
Gay, laughing to have inked her rosy hand.
I breathed the flowers which on that dust expand:
I fixed my gaze on the turf, cold and green,
And thought, O Lord! one moment to have seen.
Through the grave's stone, her soul emit a flame.

Yes, when that hour which doth my mourning claim,
Stained the sad sky, and wrung my bleeding heart,
Naught kept me from her; free I could depart.
But now — ah, me! — stream, valley, wood, repose
Where I oft sought — 'T is not my fault, she knows,
If since four wretched years I have not come,
Poor torchless heart, to pray beside her tomb.

Thus that black road, the slab I used to see
With tear-worn eyes, pale, leaning 'gainst a tree;
That silent grave my feet have often prest;
The gathering night I watched the scene invest;
That yew, that twilight, and that churchyard lone;
Those tears that fall at least upon her stone, —
All this, my God, some solace could afford.

Tell me what have you done the while? O Lord!
What has she done? Can you, where now you dwell,
See life? What shadowy clock the time doth tell?
Did you the other sleeper gently shake?
Did you, while waiting my approach, half wake
And pale, press 'gainst the window which descries
Infinity, and seek to recognize,
Between the coffins' chinks, some passer-by,
Listening if some one you could not descry

Approaching in the gloom eternal, vast ?
Then sank you back, as falls the broken mast,
Crying, "What, then, my father does not come ?"
Have you both whispered of me in your tomb ?

How oft dew-sprinkled lilies have I sought, —
Lilies both of my garden and my thought ;
How often of the white-thorn plucked the flower
Down there ; how often sought for Hartleur's tower,
And murmured, "'T is to-morrow I shall start ;"
And reckoned wind and speed with absent heart.
Then my hand opened, and, appalled, I said,
While dropped the nosegay, "All are gone and dead !"
How oft aware she must my presence crave,
I searched my heart for the best gift I have,
And to one thither-bound the message gave.

REPLY TO AN ACT OF IMPEACHMENT.

WHAT! I'm the ogre, I'm the scapegoat, whom
In this chaotic age to wrath you doom?
Good taste and the French rules of verse I tread
Beneath my feet; and have to Darkness said,
"Come!" and it came: this then is what you say.
Language, Art, Tragedy, Rules, Opera, —
These lights are quenched, and I'm the guilty wight;
Have done it, and upset the urns of Night.
Of all this ruin I'm the tool inept:
That's what you think. Well, I the charge accept.
'Tis I 'gainst whom your prose infuriate clanks;
You call me "Raca," and I answer "Thanks."
That march of time, which from one church removes
To seek another, and by change improves,
Art, liberty, let those vast themes be tried
And viewed, if so you please, by their least side
Through the decreasing lens. I ne'er deny
That, after all, that dreadful man am I.
And though in truth I think that I have wrought
More and worse crimes, of which you have not thought,
Have touched upon some questions erst obscure,

And fathomed evils, and sought out the cure ;
Packs of old Ass-dom dared aside to throw,
And shaken the dead past, from high to low ;
Ransacked the substance than the form no less :
We 'll stop at this. I own my wickedness.
Dread demagogue am I, from laws set free,
Destroyer of the ancient A B C.

Let 's chat. When I left school, its Latin theme
And verse ; a pale, grave boy, much apt to dream ;
Thin, shy, with eyes cast downwards ; when I tried
To judge and understand, and opened wide
My eyes to Art and Nature, — language then
Was like the State, split up 'twixt common men
And nobles. Poetry held regal rank ;
Some words were lords, some to the gutter sank.
Not more than Paris is with London mixed
Were syllables, but each in order fixed ;
As horse and foot march on in diverse line,
So Language was the state ere Eighty-nine.
Well born, or ill, words lived, marked out in caste, —
Those noble were with tragic heroes classed ;
Their law decorum kept beyond reproach.
They rode to Versailles in the king's own coach ;
The rest a lot of beggars, gallows-knaves,

Provincial. Some, the slang of convict slaves,
Devoted to all kinds of sordidness ;
In markets torn to tatters ; stockingless,
Wigless ; for prose and farce alone designed ;
The common folk of style, to shade consigned ;
Villains, snobs, cads, whom Vaugelas, their chief,
In dictionary hulks brands with an F.,
Painting low, common life of vulgar cit,
Vile, scorned, tabooed, and but for Molière fit.
Racine looked on these rascals much askance ;
If Corneille found one in his lines, perchance,
He kept it, — all too great to bid it go :
And Voltaire cried, “ Corneille is getting low.”
Corneille, good soul, kept still and answered not.
Then I, the brigand, came, and cried out, “ What !
These always first, those always last appear ? ”
Then on th’ Academy — staid dowager,
Hiding “ tropes ” ’neath her petticoats away, —
And on the Alexandrine’s close array
I turned the revolutionary wind,
The “ Red Cap ” on th’ old dictionary bind.
Henceforth no words of high or low degree !
A tempest in the inkstand I decree.
I mixed among the ghosts with terror fraught,
’Mid the black folk called words, white swarms of
thought.

I said, "No single word will I permit
Without a plain idea to enlighten it."
Dreadful discourse! Syllepsis, hypallage,
Shuddered! I climbed on Aristotle's stage;
Declared all words were equal, free, of age.
All ravagers, invaders, crammed with rage,
Those tigers, Scythians, Huns (though fierce they be)
Were mere "bow-wows" to my audacity.
I leaped out of the ring, the compass broke,
Called pigs plain pigs; — why not? The truth I spoke!
Guichardin, Borgia named; and Tacitus,
Vitellius. Fierce, explicit, rancorous,
His collar, made of epithets, I broke
From the dog's neck. In grass beneath the oak,
Heifer and cow I let together won
(One Berenice was, one Margaton).
The Ode got drunk with Rabelais, — awful sight!
They danced *ça ira* upon Pindus height.
Bare breasted muses sang the *carmagnole*;
Bombast shook in his Spanish ruff, — poor soul!
John, donkey-man, the rustic myrtle wed;
Kings, "What's o'clock?" like other mortals said.
I killed snow, alabaster, ivory,
Took away jet from pupil of the eye;
To th' arm, I said, be white! — a plain good word.
The corpse of verse in its old grave I stirred.

I mentioned dates; and Mithridates might
The siege of Cyzicus correctly cite.
Horror! the Laises got named aright;
And words by Restaut, combed out morn and night,
Which had of the great Louis kept the gait,
And wore perukes, — to such old-fashioned pate
The revolution from its lofty tower
Cried, "Change yourself!" "Be filled!" — for now 's the
hour.

With spirit of the words, you slaves retain,
Then the wig reddened, and became a mane.
Freedom! 'T is thus when in revolt we rise,
We become lions in these spaniels' eyes;
And in th' accursed whirlwind which we raised
All kinds of words in conflagration blazed.
In Lhomond I these proclamations placed.
You read: "End all this foolery! Make haste!"
Let Bouhours, Brossettes, to the axe be brought;
They fastened manacles on human thought.
Prose! Verse! to arms! close ranks beneath your flag.
Look here! the strophe's mouth stopped with a gag,
The ode in chains, the drama clapped in jail;
O'er Racine dead, see Campestron prevail.
Then Boileau ground his teeth. "Be still," said I,
"You're out of date!" Then through the storm I cry,

“To rhetoric, war ! to syntax, peace assured.”
All Ninety-three burst forth, and at its sword
Æthos, Ithos, Pathos, doth terror blanch,
Cathos and Pourceaugnac the furies launch.
Dumarsais chase ; with hideous dance and scream,
Filling their syringe with Permesse’s stream.
The syllables set free from torture claim
The rustic noun, the verb consigned to shame,
Came on. They drank large draughts from horror’s
stream ;
They dared to disinter Athaliahs’ dream,
The speech of Théràmène cast to the wind ;
Since when that star the Institute declined,
They made a clean sweep of the former board.
Drunk with the blood of phrases, I applaud, —
Seeing the strophe foaming, raging proud,
Speaking its thoughts in thundering voice and loud,
Seize roughly on th’ old rules of poetry ;
And seeing, ’mid the crowd that hoarsely cry,
Hung, by all words (which erst good taste declined),
The letter “ noble ” on the lantern mind.
Yes, I’m that Danton, I that Robespierre !
’Gainst courtly words which their long rapiers wear
I’ve made their valets (vulgar words) rebel :
Cut Richelet’s throat, where Dangeau lately fell.

Yes, 't is all true: I do confess these crimes ;

I've ta'en, thrown down, the old Bastille of rhymes.

Nay, more: I've broken all those chains as well

Which bound the word of " people ; " drawn from
hell

All the damned words condemned to dark abyss,

And crushed the spirals of periphrasis ;

And mixed, confounded, levelled to the earth

The alphabet, — dark tower of Babel's birth.

Nor was I ignorant that the hand which wrought

Deliverance for the word, delivered thought.

The mark of human work is unity ;

The arrow one, at the same butt does fly.

Thus I agree : in honest style are said

My several crimes — and here I bring my head.

You must be getting old : and so, papa,

For the tenth time I *mea culpa* say.

Call Beauzée God : then I'm an atheist.

The tongue was decent, fine, trim, what you list ;

Tristan, Boileau, blue ceiling, *fleur-de-lis*,

Forty arm-chairs, the throne in midst of these, —

I've troubled all in this far famed saloon :

Nay, somewhat broken. The right word (that clown)

Was but a corporal; he's a colonel made.
Pronouns are democratic by my aid;
The participle and the verb have I
Made hydras and wild beasts of anarchy.
You've "Reum confitentem," — vain your blows.
I to the nostril said, "Why you're a nose;"
To the "long golden fruit," "Sir, you're a pear;"
To Vaugelas, "A blockhead's all you are!"
To words I said, "Be a republic. Be
An immense hive; labour, believe, and see,
Love, live!" I've shaken all things, and morose,
Thrown noble verse to the black dogs of prose.

And what I did, others have better done.
Calliope, Euterpe's frozen tone,
Polyhymnia, their stilted airs have lost,
The balanced hemistich away we tost;
True! Curse away! Verse, on whose brows were
found
Of yore twelve plumes in stately order bound;
Which ever on its two snow-shoes danced by, —
One Etiquette, and one called Prosody, —
Now breaks the rule (the chiselled form abjured),
And from a shuttlecock becomes a bird;
'Scapes from the cage "Cæsura," and o'er hills
And dales, a lark, the sky with music fills.

All words in day's full light at present soar ;
Writers to liberty the tongue restore,
Thanks to these bandits, birds of fear and storm ;
Truth, driving off the dismal pedant swarm ;
Fancy, the hundred-tongued, whose eager strains
Shatter the windows in the bourgeois's brains ;
And she who laughs, sighs, sings, the triple-browed
Poetry, which Shafespeare and which Plautus sowed
(One 'mong the plebs, and one among the mob) ;
Which through the nations pours the lore of Job,
And 'mid his laughter Horace's good sense ;
Which of heaven's azure thrills the soul immense ;
And sacred Mænad, with bright frenzied eye,
By steps of time mounts to eternity.

The Muse, to guide us back, now reappears,
Again o'er human misery shedding tears ;
Smiles and consoles, and goes from depth to height,
On every brow reflects with splendour bright
Her storm-swept flight, her lyre whence flames arise,
And on her million wings her million eyes.

The movement thus its work doth finished see ;
And revolution, progress, thanks to thee
Now vibrates in the book, the voice, the air ;
In words the reader finds it living there.

It cries, sings, laughs, and its now freed soul
As well as speech is rescued from control.
In novels its low whisper women hear;
It opes two eyes, whence do two flames appear
(One eye o'er thought, and one o'er labour wakes);
She, by the hand, her sister Freedom takes,
And bids her enter man by every pore.
And prejudices, like the madrapore,
Formed by abuses through long ages heaped,
By clash of wandering words away are swept.
Full of her will, her object, and her soul,
She is of Drama, prose and verse, the whole;
She is expression, she is sentiment, —
Lamp in the street, star in the firmament;
Explores th' unfathomable depths of speech,
Breathes into Art, and everywhere doth reach;
And, by God's will, after that she hath placed
Her pride in peoples, from their brow effaced
The lines, and raised aloft the trampled crowd:
She not alone is Right, but Thought, avowed.

UNDER THE TREES.

THEY wandered hand in hand ; with dances gay
The happy woods were stirred ; what time alone
These twain delighted in a tenderer way
Faint forest leaves 'neath which their souls had
grown.

Of solitude all amorous hearts are fain.

These lovers felt the leaves above them stirred ;
And, fearing to give aught in Nature pain,
Dropped 'mong the flowers beneath some flower-soft
word.

She knew all names of flowers on lawn and lea,
That bloom delights of sun and dew to prove.
She taught him them as truly as might a bee ;
Then, blushing, asked, "Now tell me, dear, of love !"

"O sweet ! to tell my love I am afraid ;
Look at me now, — thou'lt read it in mine eyes."
She named each happy bloom in sun and shade,
Expounding spring with blushes, kisses, sighs.

O fields that were as heaven to him that hour !

O sacred woods in May's and Love's control,
Drenched with the perfume of your flower on flower,
Drunk with the perfume of a woman's soul !

Night stole upon the woods : in silence there

They lingered ; then she murmured, " Listen, sweet !
A star in heaven aye blooms for thee, — my prayer ;
My love for thee aye flowers beneath thy feet."

SONG.

MAY fate, whatsoe'er it shall be, find thee ever
Strong ! May to-morrow be sweet as to-day !
On thy soul, O beloved ! may the dark waves never
Of bitter unebbing discouragement weigh ;
Neither languor, nor anguish of hearts that break
Be thine ; nor that dust which all-silently shake
On a pale bent brow no soft palm doth caress
The icy wings of forgetfulness !

O thou whom I worship ! let burn still for thee
The songs in the depth of my soul, — a bright choir.
Live for great Nature, for heaven, and for me ;
Let suffering but kindle love's sacreder fire !
After all heart-sorrows, let enter thy heart
Fair dawn, night's daughter, sweet Love, son of pain,
All the starshine which in the dense shadow hath part,
All smiles that shimmer through tears that rain !

LOOKING ON THE EVENING SKY.

SHE spake to me one even, with laughing lips :
“ Dear, why dost thou regard so constantly
Night’s gathering glooms, or the day-gleams which
flee,

Or the gold star which up the east heaven slips ?
What do thine eyes above ? They are *my* part.
Be blind to heaven, and gaze within my heart !

“ From yon vast heaven, deep shade where floats that
bliss

Which doth your steadfast glances so beguile,
What learn you that is worth my loving smile ?
What win you that is worth one simple kiss ?
Oh, from my soul the virgin-veil upraise.
If you but knew what myriad stars there blaze !

“ What myriad suns ! Seest thou, when spirit thrills
To spirit, all dull thoughts bright bloom to stars.
Devotion, which irradiates rugged bars,

Is one with Venus shining on the hills.

Naught is yon boundless azure. Harken me,

Sweet ! my soul's heaven is yet more heavenly !

“ 'Tis fair to see a bright star bloom above ;

In this dull world most beauteous things are born, —

Roses are lovely, lovely roseate morn ;

But nothing is so lovely as to love !

The holiest flame and the serenest light

Is the ray from soul to soul that flashes bright !

“ Earth's love is of more worth than in the sky

Those wondrous stars which still your fond looks
scan.

Knowing what thing is better for frail man,

God sets the sky afar and woman nigh.

To those whose souls yearn towards his sombre
heaven,

He saith : ‘ Behold what else to you is given ! ’

“ To love is all ! God takes therein delight.

Leave yon far heaven with all its chilly glory,

And thou wilt find in twain eyes that adore thee

More wealth of beauty and more wealth of light.

To love's to see, feel, dream, and understand ;

The tenderest heart throbs to the heart most grand.

“Come, my beloved! Hear'st thou while wandering
Among the woods a harmony most strange?
Nature, methinks, around us then doth change
To a rapt lyre, our happy loves to sing.
Come! Let us stray with close-enlinkèd arms.
Dream not of heaven! I'm jealous of its charms!”

With tranquil tone, and with the mien I love,
My dearest one in such wise whispered low,
Leaning upon her small white hand her brow,
Like a bright angel bending from above:
Tranquil and beauteous, and with tender tone,
In such wise whispered low my dearest one.

Our hearts vibrated; with the setting sun
Close nestled all the drowsy little birds. —
What have you done, O trees! with our fond words?
O rocks! with our soft sighs what have you done?
Alas! how dreary is man's destiny,
Since like the bitter do the sweet days flee!

O Memory! Treasure in the gloom amassed!
Sombre horizon of old thoughts once bright!
Of things eclipsèd fondly cherished light!

Faint flickering of the high evanished past !

As on the threshold of a sacred fane,

Dreaming thereof, the drear soul doth remain.

When for the beauteous dawn the bitter days,

Needs must one leave all thought of happiness ;

When Hope's clear cup, bright brimming once to
bless,

Is empty, hurl it thou in ocean's maze.

Oblivion ! — 't is the waves where all things bright

Sink ; the dark sea where each casts his delight !

THE NEST UNDER THE PORCH.

YES, go pray within the church, —
Go ! but glance on entering
Underneath the old grey porch
At this nest, the pure sweet thing.

To vast temples where one prays,
The small swallow, swift and bright,
Hangs his home where dwell most rays
Of deep heaven's azure light.

The soft broodlings lulled to rest
'Neath the portal, thrilled with love, —
Feel in sleep above the nest
The warm wings of Jesus move.

The great church, where broods deep shade,
Trembles, stirred with that sweet sound.
The stone of dark midnight is made ;
The birds with noontide joy abound.

Stony saints, austere and cold,
 Ranged around walls brightening,
Love blithe swallows, bearers bold
 Of the joy and kiss of spring.

Virgins mild and prophets dire
 Bend from the precipitous tower
O'er these hives of love's bird-choir
 Fashioned for honey of love's flower.

Lo, the bird on the saint alit !
 Th' apostle 'neath the vault laughs gay.
"Good-day, saint !" chirps the pert chit ;
 The saint murmurs : " Bird, good-day ! "

Man's cathedrals are most fair
 'Neath yon heaven, blue day's abode ;
But the nest of the birds of air
 Is the edifice of God.

THE FOUNTAIN AND THE OCEAN.

O VER the cliff the fountain sped,
Drop by drop in the terrible sea :
Ocean — the sailors' fatal dread —
Cried, "Weeper ! what dost want with me ?

"In me you storm and terror view ;
I end where doth the sky commence.
Atom ! can I have need of you, —
I, who am justly called immense ?"

Sweet to the bitter answered back :
"Yet, without noise or fame, I think,
I give one thing, vast sea, you lack, —
A drop of water fit to drink."

LES CHANTS DU CRÉPUSCULE.

LES CHANTS DU CRÉPUSCULE.

PRELUDE TO "THE SONGS OF TWILIGHT."

HOW shall I note thee, line of troubled years,
Which mark existence in our little span ?

One constant twilight in the heaven appears,
One constant twilight in the mind of man !

Creed, hope, anticipation, and despair
Are but a mingling, as of day and night ;
The globe, surrounded by deceptive air,
Is all enveloped in the same half-light.

And voice is deadened by the evening breeze, —
The shepherd's song, or maiden's in her bower,
Mix with the rustling of the neighbouring trees,
Within whose foliage is lulled the power.

Yet all unites: The winding path that leads
Thro' fields where verdure meets the traveller's eye,
The river's margin, blurred with wavy reeds,
The muffled anthem, echoing to the sky;

The ivy smothering the armèd tower;
The dying wind that mocks the pilot's ear;
The lordly equipage at midnight hour,
Draws into danger in a fog the peer;

The votaries of Satan or of Jove;
The wretched mendicant absorbed in woe;
The din of multitudes that onward move;
The voice of conscience in the heart below;

The waves, which thou, O Lord! alone canst still;
Th' elastic air; the streamlet on its way;
And all that man projects, or sovereigns will;
Or things inanimate might seem to say;

The strain of gondolier slow streaming by;
The lively barks that o'er the waters bound;
The trees that shake their foliage to the sky;
The wailing voice that fills the cots around;

And man, who studies with an aching heart ;
For now, when smiles are rarely deemed sincere,
In vain the sceptic bids his doubts depart, —
Those doubts at length will arguments appear !

Hence, reader, know the subject of my song :
A mystic age, resembling twilight gloom,
Wherein we smile at birth, or bear along,
With noiseless steps, a victim to the tomb !



INVOCATION.

SAY, Lord ! for Thou alone canst tell
Where lurks the good invisible
Amidst the depths of discord's sea,
That seem, alas ! so dark to me.
Oppressive to a mighty state,
Contentions, feuds, the people's hate ;
But who dare question that which fate
Has ordered to have been ?
Haply the earthquake may unfold
The resting-place of purest gold,
And haply surges up have rolled
The pearls that were unseen !

THE THREE GLORIOUS DAYS.

YOUTH of France, sons of the bold,
Your oakleaf victor-wreaths behold !
Our civic-laurels, honoured dead !
So bright your triumphs in life's morn,
Your maiden-standards hacked and torn
On Austerlitz might lustre shed.

All that your fathers did re-done,
A people's rights all nobly won, —
Ye tore them living from the shroud !
Three glorious days, bright July's gift,
The bastiles off our hearts ye lift !
Oh, of such deeds be ever proud !

Of patriot sires ye lineage claim ;
Their souls shone in your eye of flame.
Commencing the great work was theirs ;
On you the task to finish laid
Your fruitful mother, France, who bade
Flow in one day a hundred years.

E'en chilly Albion admires,
The grand example Europe fires ;
America shall clap her hands,
When swiftly o'er the Atlantic wave
Fame sounds the news of how the brave,
In three bright days, have burst their bands !

With tyrant dead your fathers traced
A circle wide, with battles graced ;
Victorious garland, red and vast,
Which blooming out from home did go
To Cadiz, Cairo, Rome, Moscow,
From Jemappes to Montmirail past !

Of warlike Lyceums ye are
The favoured sons ; there deeds of war
Formed e'en your plays, while o'er you shook
The battle-flags in air aloft.
Passing your lines, Napoleon oft
Electrified you with a look.

Eagle of France, whose vivid wing
Did in a hundred places fling
A bloody feather, till one night

The arrow whelmed thee 'neath the wave,
Look up, rejoice, for now thy brave
And worthy eaglets dare the light.



POLAND.

A LONE, beneath the tower whence thunder forth
The mandates of the Tyrant of the North,
Poland's sad genius kneels, absorbed in tears,
Bound, vanquished, pallid with her fears.
Alas! the crucifix is all that's left
To her, of freedom and her sons bereft;
And on her royal robe foul marks are seen
Where Russian hectors scornful feet have been.
Anon she hears the clank of murd'rous arms, —
The swordsmen come once more to spread alarms.
And while she weeps against the prison walls,
And waves her bleeding arm until it falls,
To France she hopeless turns her glazing eyes
And sues her sister's succour ere she dies.

THE LAND OF FABLE.

NOW, vot'ries of the Muses, turn your eyes
Unto the East, and say what there appears !
"Alas !" the voice of Poesy replies,
"Mystic 's that light between the hemispheres !"

"Yes, dread 's the mystic light in yonder heaven,
Dull is the gleam behind the distant hill,
Like feeble flashes in the welkin driven,
When the far thunder seems as it were still !

"But who can tell if that uncertain glare
Be Phoebus' self, adorned with glowing vest ;
Or, if illusions, pregnant in the air,
Have drawn our glances to the radiant west ?

"Haply the sunset has deceived the sight ;
Perchance 't is evening, while we look for morning.
Bewildered in the mazes of twilight,
That lucid sunset may appear a dawning !"

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

WHEN huge Vesuvius in its torment long,
Threatening has growled its cavernous jaws
among,

When its hot lava like the bubbling wine,
Foaming doth all its monstrous edge incarnadine,
Then is alarm in Naples.

With dismay,
Wanton and wild her weeping thousands pour,
Convulsive grasp the ground, its rage to stay,
Implore the angry Mount — in vain implore!
For, lo! a column, tow'ring more and more,
Of smoke and ashes from the burning crest
Shoots like a vulture's neck reared from its airy
nest.

Sudden a flash, and from th' enormous den
Th' eruption's lurid mass bursts forth amain,
Bounding in frantic ecstasy. Ah, then
Farewell to Grecian fount and Tuscan fame!
Sails in the bay imbibe the purpling stain,

The while the lava in profusion wide
Flings o'er the mountain's neck its showery locks
untied.

It comes ! it comes ! that lava deep and rich,
That dower which fertilizes fields, and fills
New moles upon the waters, bay and beach.
Broad sea and clustered isles, one terror thrills
As roll the red inexorable rills ;
While Naples trembles in her palaces,
More helpless than the leaves when tempests shake
the trees.

Prodigious chaos : streets in ashes lost ;
Dwellings devoured and vomited again ;
Roof against neighbour-roof, bewildered, tost ;
The waters boiling and the burning plain ;
While clang the giant steeples as they reel,
Unprompted, their own tocsin peal.

Yet 'mid the wreck of cities, and the pride
Of the green valleys and the isles laid low,
The crash of walls, the tumult waste and wide,
O'er sea and land, — 'mid all this work of woe,
Vesuvius still, though close its crater-glow,
Forgetful spares (Heaven wills that it should spare),
The lonely cell where kneels an aged priest in prayer.

THE EAGLET MOURNED.

TOO hard Napoleon's fate ! if, lone,
No being he had loved, no single one,
Less dark that doom had been.

But with the heart of might doth ever dwell
The heart of love ! And in his island cell
Two things there were, I ween :

Two things, —a portrait and a map there were.
Here hung the pictured world, an infant there :
That framed his genius, this enshrined his love.
And as at eve he glanced round th' alcove,
Where jailers watched his very thoughts to spy,
What mused he *then* ? What dream of years gone by
Stirred 'neath that discrowned brow and fired that
glistening eye ?

'T was not the steps of that heroic tale
That from Arcola marched to Montmirail
On Glory's red degrees ;



Dessiné par G. Vibert

Photographe Goupil & C^{ie}

Nor Cairo-pashas' steel-devouring steeds,
Nor the tall shadows of the Pyramids, —
Ah, 't was not always these !

'T was not the bursting shell, the iron sleet,
The whirlwind rush of battle 'neath his feet,
Through twice ten years ago,
When at his beck, upon that sea of steel
Were launched the rustling banners, there to reel
Like masts when tempests blow.

'T was not Madrid, nor Kremlin of the Czar,
Nor Pharos on Old Egypt's coast afar,
Nor shrill *réveille's* camp-awakening sound,
Nor bivouac couch'd its starry fires around,
Crested dragoons, grim, veteran grenadiers,
Nor the red lancers 'mid their wood of spears
Blazing like baleful poppies 'mong the golden ears.

No ; 't was an infant's image, fresh and fair,
With rosy mouth half oped, as slumbering there
It lay beneath the smile
Of her whose breast, soft-bending o'er its sleep,
Lingering upon that little lip doth keep
One pendent drop the while.

Then, his sad head upon his hands inclined,
He wept; that father-heart all unconfined,
 Outpoured in love alone.
My blessing on thy clay-cold head, poor child.
Sole being for whose sake his thoughts, beguiled,
 Forgot the world's lost throne.



TRUST IN GOD.

CHILD, even this day, trust! And to-morrow have
 faith,

And on all to-morrows! The darkness grows less.
Trust! And each day when first gleams the dawn-
 breath,
Awake thou to pray; God is wakeful to bless!

Our sin, my poor child, hath occasioned our pain.

Perchance, if thou stay a brief while on thy knees,
Having blest the pure dawn and thee, God may deign
In his mercy to look even on night and on us!

TO THE NAPOLEON COLUMN.

WHEN with gigantic hand he placed,
For throne on vassal Europe based,
That column's lofty height,
Pillar, in whose dread majesty,
In double immortality,
Glory and bronze unite !

Ay, when he built it that some day
Discord or war their course might stay,
Or here might break their car ;
And in our streets to put to shame
Pygmies that bear the hero's name
Of Greek and Roman war, —

It was a glorious sight. The world
His hosts had trod, with flags unfurled,
In veteran array ;
Kings fled before him, forced to yield ;
He, conqueror on each battle-field,
Their cannon bore away.

Then, with his victors back he came :
All France with booty teemed ; her name
 Was writ on sculptured stone ;
And Paris cried with joy, as when
The parent bird comes home again
 To th' eaglets left alone.

Into the furnace flame, so fast,
Were heaps of war-won metal cast, —
 The future monument !
His thought had formed the giant mould,
And piles of brass in the fire he rolled,
 From hostile cannon rent.

When to the battle-field he came,
He grasped the guns spite tongues of flame,
 And bore the spoil away.
This bronze to France's Rome he brought,
And to the founder said, " Is aught
 Wanting for our array ? "

And when, beneath a radiant sun,
That man, his noble purpose done,
 With calm and tranquil mien,

Disclosed to view this glorious fane,
And did with peaceful hand contain
The warlike eagle's sheen, —

Round *thee*, when hundred thousands placed,
As some great Roman's triumph graced,
The little Romans all, —
We boys hung on the procession's flanks,
Seeking some father in thy ranks,
And loud thy praise did call.

Who that survey'd thee, when that day
Thou deemed that future glory ray
Would here be ever bright;
Feared that, ere long, all France thy grave
From pettifoggers vain would crave
Beneath that column's height?

MARRIAGE AND FEASTS.

THE hall is gay with limpid lustre bright ;
The feast to pampered palate gives delight ;
The sated guests pick at the spicy food,
And drink profusely, for the cheer is good.
And at that table, where the wise are few,
Both sexes and all ages meet the view, —
The sturdy warrior with a thoughtful face,
The amorous youth, the maid replete with grace,
The prattling infant, and the hoary hair
Of second childhood's proselytes are there ;
And the most gaudy in that spacious hall
Are e'er the young, or oldest of them all !
Helmet and banner, ornament and crest,
The lion rampant, and the jewelled vest,
The silver star that glitters fair and white,
The arms that tell of many a nation's might,
Heraldic blazonry, ancestral pride,
And all mankind invents for pomp beside,
The wingèd leopard, and the eagle wild, —
All these encircle woman, chief, and child ;

Shine on the carpet burying their feet,
Adorn the dishes that contain their meat,
And hang upon the drapery, which around
Falls from the lofty ceiling to the ground,
Till on the floor its waving fringe is spread,
As the bird's wing may sweep the roses' bed.

Thus is the banquet ruled by Noise and Light,
Since Light and Noise are foremost on the site.

The chamber echoes to the joy of them
Who throng around, each with his diadem,
Each seated on proud throne ; but, lesson vain !
Each sceptre holds its master with a chain.
Thus hope of flight were futile from that hall,
Where chiefest guest was most enslaved of all !
The god-like-making draught that fires the soul ;
The love — sweet poison-honey — past control
(Formed of the sexual breath — an idle name,
Offspring of Fancy and a nervous frame) ;
Pleasure, mad daughter of the darksome night,
Whose languid eye flames when is fading light ;
The gallant chases where a man is borne
By stalwart charger, to the sounding horn ;
The sheeny silk ; the bed of leaves of rose,

Made more to soothe the sight than court repose ;
The mighty palaces that raise the sneer
Of jealous mendicants and wretches near ;
The spacious parks, from which horizon blue
Arches o'er alabaster statues new,
Where Superstition still her walk will take,
Unto soft music stealing o'er the lake ;
The innocent modesty by gems undone ;
The qualms of judges by small brib'ry won ;
The dread of children, trembling while they play ;
The bliss of monarchs, potent in their sway ;
The note of war struck by the culverin,
That snakes its brazen neck through battle din ;
The military millepede
That tramples out the guilty seed ;
The capital, all pleasure and delight,
And all that like a town or army chokes
The gazer with foul dust or sulphur smokes ;
The budget, prize for which ten thousand bait
A subtle hook, that ever, as they wait,
Catches a weed, and drags them to their fate,
While gleamingly its golden scales still spread, —
Such were the meats by which these guests were fed.
A hundred slaves for lazy master cared,
And served each one with what was e'er prepared

By him, who in a sombre vault below
Peppered the royal pig with peoples' woe,
And grimly glad went labouring till late, —
The morose alchemist we know as Fate!
That every guest might learn to suit his taste,
Behind had Conscience, real or mock'ry, placed;
Conscience a guide who every evil spies,
But royal nurses early pluck out both his eyes!

Oh, at the table there be all the great,
Whose lives are bubbles that best joys inflate.
Superb, magnificent of revels — doubt
That sagest lose their heads in such a rout!
In the long laughter, ceaseless roaming round,
Joy, mirth, and glee give out a maelstrom's sound,
And the astonished gazer casts his care,
Where every eyeball glistens in the flare.

But, oh, while yet the singing Hebes pour
Forgetfulness of those without the door,
At very hour when all are most in joy,
And the hid orchestra annuls annoy —
Woe! woe! With jollity a-top the heights,
With further tapers adding to the lights,
And gleaming 'tween the curtains on the street,

Where poor folks stare — hark to the heavy feet!
Some one smites roundly on the gilded grate,
Some one below will be admitted straight,
Some one, though not invited, who 'll not wait!
Close not the door! Your orders are vain breath;
That stranger enters to be known as Death —
Or merely Exile — clothed in alien guise:
Death drags away; with *his* prey Exile flies!

Death is that sight. He promenades the hall,
And casts a gloomy shadow on them all,
'Neath which they bend like willows soft,
Ere seizing one, — the dumbest monarch oft, —
And bears him to eternal heat and drouth
While still the toothsome morsel 's in his mouth.



Photographie Goupil & Co

Peint par P. A. Cab

INSULT NOT THE FALLEN.

I TELL you, hush ! No word of sneering scorn !
True, fallen ; but God knows how deep her sorrow.
Poor girl ! too many like her, only born
To love one day, to sin, and die the morrow.
What know you of her struggles or her grief ?
Or what wild storms of want and woe and pain
Tore down her soul from honour ? As a leaf
From autumn branches, or a drop of rain
That hung in frailest splendour from a bough,
Bright, glistening in the sunlight of God's day,
So had she clung to virtue once. But now —
See heaven's clear pearl polluted with earth's clay !
The sin is yours, — with your accursed gold !
Man's wealth is master : woman's soul the slave.
Some purest water still the mire may hold.
Is there no hope for her, no power to save ?
Yea, once again to draw up from the clay
The fallen rain-drop, till it shine above,
Or save a fallen soul, needs but one ray
Of heaven's sunshine or of human love.

THE MORROW OF GRANDEUR.

SIRE, beware! The future's range
Is of God alone the power;
Naught below but augurs change,
E'en with every passing hour.

Future, — mighty mystery!
All the earthly goods that be,
Fortune, glory, war's renown,
King or kaiser's sparkling crown,
Victory with her burning wings,
Proud ambition's covetings, —

These may our grasp no more detain
Than the free bird who doth alight
Upon our roof, and takes its flight
High into air again.

Nor smile, nor tear, nor haughtiest lord's command,
Avails t' unclasp the cold and closèd hand, —

Thy voice to disenthral,
Dumb phantom, shadow ever at our side,
Veiled spectre, journeying with us stride for stride,
Whom men "To-morrow" call!

Oh, to-morrow ! Who may dare

Its realities to scan ?

God to-morrow brings to bear

What to-day is sown by man.

'Tis the lightning in its shroud,

'Tis the star-concealing cloud ;

Traitor, 'tis his purpose showing ;

Engine, lofty tow'rs o'erthrowing ;

Wand'ring star, its region changing ;

" Lady of kingdoms," ever ranging.

To-morrow ! — 't is the rude display

Of the throne's framework, blank and cold,

That, rich with velvet, bright with gold,

Dazzles the eye to-day.

To-morrow ! — 't is the foaming war-horse falling ;

To-morrow ! thy victorious march appalling,

'Tis the red fires from Moscow's tow'rs that wave ;

'Tis thine Old Guard strewing the Belgian plain ;

'Tis the lone island in th' Atlantic main.

To-morrow ! — 't is the grave !

Into capitals subdued

Thou mayst ride with gallant rein,

Cut the knots of civil feud

With the trenchant steel in twain ;

With thine edicts barricade
Haughty Thames' o'er-freighted trade ;
Fickle Victory 's self enthral,
Captive to thy trumpet-call ;
Burst the stoutest gates asunder ;
Leave the names of brightest wonder
 Pale and dim, behind thee far ;
And to exhaustless armies yield
Thy glancing spur, — o'er Europe's field
 A glory-guiding star.

God guards duration, if lends space to thee ;
Thou mayst o'er-range mundane immensity,
 Rise high as human head can rise sublime,
Snatch Europe from the stamp of Charlemagne,
Asia from Mahomet, but never gain
 Power o'er the Morrow from the Lord of Time !

OUTSIDE THE BALL-ROOM.

BEHOLD the ball-room flashing on the sight,
From step to cornice one grand glare of light;
The noise of mirth and revelry resounds,
Like fairy melody on haunted grounds.
But who demands this profuse, wanton glee,
These shouts prolonged and wild festivity?
Not sure our city — web, more woe than bliss,
In any hour requiring aught but this!

Deaf is the ear of all that jewelled crowd
To Sorrow's sob, although its call be loud.
Better than waste long nights in idle show,
To help the indigent and raise the low,
To train the wicked to forsake his way,
And find th' industrious work from day to day;
Better to charity those hours afford,
Which now are wasted at the festal board.

And ye, O high-born beauties! in whose soul
Virtue resides, and Vice has no control;

Ye whom Prosperity forbids to sin, —
So fair without ; so chaste, so pure within, —
Whose honour Want ne'er threatened to betray ;
Whose eyes are joyous, and whose heart is gay ;
Around whose modesty a hundred arms,
Aided by pride, protect a thousand charms, —
For you this ball is pregnant with delight,
As glitt'ring planets cheer the gloomy night.
But, oh, ye wist not, while your souls are glad,
How millions wander, homeless, sick and sad !
Hazard has placed you in a happy sphere,
And like your own to you all lots appear ;
For blinded by the sun of bliss, your eyes
Can see no dark horizon to the skies.

Such is the chance of life ! Each gallant thane,
Prince, peer, and noble follow in your train ;
They praise your loveliness, and in your ear
They whisper pleasing things, but insincere.
Thus, as the moths enamoured of the light,
Ye seek these realms of revelry each night.
But as ye travel thither, did ye know
What wretches walk the streets through which you go :
Sisters, whose gewgaws glitter in the glare
Of your great lustre, all expectant there,

Watching the passing crowd with avid eye,
Till one their love or lust or shame may buy ;
Or with commingling jealousy and rage
They mark the progress of your equipage,
And their deceitful life essays the while
To mask their woe beneath a sickly smile ?



ANACREON.

ANACREON, whose blithe rill of poesy
From summits hoar of sage antiquity
Bubbling all-amorously, one finds what time
Fain of repose are weary feet that climb, —
How sweet to me thy wavelets calm and clear !
Sweet as to some tired Alpine traveller
The sprays that dew warm flow'rets' laughing eyes
With crystals caught from fields of snow and ice !

FLOWER AND BUTTERFLY.

THE humble flower bespake the heavenly butterfly :
"Flee no more !

See how our fates are diverse. Fixed to earth am I,
Thou canst soar !

"Yet the same breath of love is ours ; from men afar
Both are fain
To dwell ; so like we be, 't is soothly said we are
Flowerets twain.

"But, ah ! the air uplifts thee, while the earth still doth
hold me, —

Fortune's spite !
With fragrant breath I long to embalm thee and enfold
thee
In heaven-flight.

"In vain ! — too far thou flitt'st, through garden and
through meadow,



Deceimé par Tondouze.

Photographe Goupil & C^{ie}

Fair and fleet,
Whilst I all lonely bide, and watch my circling shadow
At my feet.

"Thou fliest ; then return'st ; again afar art borne,
Void of fears ;
And alway find'st thou me, 'neath every roseate morn.,
Bathed in tears.

"Oh, that our love may prove the same sweets summer
brings,
Fair king mine,
Even like thy slave take root, or bless me with bright
wings
Like to thine !"

ENVOY, TO —.

ROSES and Butterflies, the grave must reunite us,
Soon or late.
Wherefore await it, say ? Wilt not we now unite us,
Fate with fate ?

Haply within the air, if from such place thy pleasure
Take blithe birth ;

I' the meads, if, like a flower, thou shed thy beauteous
treasure

On the earth.

E'en where thou wilt ! What skills it ? Be thou colour
bright,

Fragrance sweet ;

Resplendent butterfly, or flower too fond for flight ;

Bloom, — wing fleet !

To live with one another ! — such the sole good worth

One least sigh ;

With *that*, let chance allot what home it will, — dark
earth,

Or blue sky !



THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

WHOE'ER you be, send blessings to her. She
Was sister of my soul immortal, free !

My pride, my hope, my shelter, my resource,

When green hoped not to grey to run its course ;

She was enthronèd Virtue under heaven's dome,

My idol in the shrine of curtained home.

TO CANARIS, THE GREEK PATRIOT.

O CANARIS! O Canaris! the poet's song
Has blameful left untold thy deeds too long!
But when the tragic actor's part is done,
When clamour ceases, and the fights are won;
When heroes realize what Fate decreed;
When chieftains mark no more which thousands bleed;
When they have shone, as clouded or as bright,
As fitful meteor in the heaven at night;
And when the sycophant no more proclaims
To gaping crowds the glory of their names, —
'T is then the mem'ries of warriors die,
And fall, alas! into obscurity,
Until the poet — in whose verse alone
Exists a world — can make their actions known,
And in eternal epic measures show
They are not yet forgotten here below.
And yet by us neglected, glory gloomed,
Thy name seems sealed apart, entombed.
Although our shouts to pygmies rise, no cries
To mark thy presence echo to the skies;

Farewell to Grecian heroes ! Silent is the lute,
And sets your sun without one Memnon bruit.

There was a time men gave no peace
To cheers for Athens, Bozzaris, Leonidas, and Greece ;
And Canaris' more-worshipped name was found
On every lip, in every heart around.
But now is changed the scene ! On history's page
Are writ o'er thine deeds of another age,
And thine are not remembered. Greece, farewell !
The world no more thine heroes' deeds will tell.

Not that this matters to a man like thee,
To whom is left the dark blue open sea,
Thy gallant bark that o'er the water flies,
And the bright planet guiding in clear skies.
All these remain, with accident and strife,
Hope, and the pleasures of a roving life,
Boon Nature's fairest prospects, land and main,
The noisy starting, glad return again,
The pride of freeman on a bounding deck
Which mocks at dangers and despises wreck ;
And e'en if lightning-pinions cleave the sea,
'T is all replete with joyousness to thee !

Yes, these remain ! — blue sky and ocean blue ;
Thine eagles with one sweep beyond the view ;
The sun in golden beauty ever pure ;
The distance where rich warmth doth aye endure ;
Thy language so mellifluously bland,
Mixed with sweet idioms from Italia's strand,
As Baya's streams to Samos' waters glide
And with them mingle in one placid tide.

Yes, these remain, and, Canaris, thy arms,
The sculptured sabre, faithful in alarms,
The broidered garb, the yataghan, the vest
Expressive of thy rank, to thee still rest !
And when thy vessel o'er the foaming sound
Is proud past storied coasts to blithely bound,
At once the point of beauty may restore
Smiles to thy lip, and smoothe thy brow once more.

PRAYER FOR FRANCE.

O GOD ! if France be still thy guardian care,
Oh, spare these mercenary combats, spare !
The thrones that now are reared but to be broke ;
The rights we render, and anon revoke ;
The muddy stream of laws, ideas, needs,
Flooding our social life as it proceeds ;
Opposing tribunes, even when seeming one, —
Soft, yielding plaster put in place of stone ;
Wave chasing wave in endless ebb and flow ;
War, darker still and deeper in its woe ;
One party fall'n, successor scarce preludes,
Than, straight, new views their furious feuds ;
The great man's pressure on the poor for gold ;
Rumours uncertain, conflicts, crimes untold ;
Dark systems hatched in secret and in fear,
Telling of hate and strife to every ear,
That even to midnight sleep no peace is given,
For murd'rous cannon through our streets are driven.

LAST NIGHT.

LAST night, which deep midsummer lustrously
Gemmed with its countless stars, seemed worthy
thee ;

So holy its hush, its breath so amorous !
So softly it lulled all sounds, all griefs, asleep
With dews from infinite heaven that yearned to weep
Upon the flowers and us !

Nigh thee I stood with joy's bright fires fulfilled,
For with thy starry soul my soul was thrilled.

Entranced, I gazed on one so pure, so fair ;
While, though no wing of word clothed then thy
thought,
The tender love-dream from thy heart's bower sought
My heart, to nestle there.

And I blessed God, whose infinite grace and power
Upon the night and thee such light could shower,
Granting mine eyes such loveliness to see.

Naught holier or more beauteous hath he made
In earth or heaven than night thus star-arrayed
Smiling on one like thee !

Oh, by the faith love taught, him let us bless.
The world he made, and thy rare loveliness ;
He hath touched my heart, enraptured my dim eyes ;
'T is he whose smile shall make all mystery clear, —
He, who now makes thine eyes more glorious here
Than stars in yonder skies !

'T is God who gives for spirit to all things love,
As wings to bear the body of a dove !
'T is he who veils bright day with lovelier night ;
Who on thy form, O sweet, which I adore,
Beauty as from a brimming cup doth pour, —
On my fond heart delight.

Give love abiding-place ! Oh, love ! — 't is all
That one regrets, that one would fain recall
When youth with all its joys no more is seen.
Loveless, earth's proudest beauty scarce could move.
Beauty's the brow, but the brow's crown is love :
Crown thee my spirit's queen !

O sweet ! believe me, what fulfils a soul
Is not a little gold, a little dole
Of glory, — dust pride stirs on fields of fight ;
Nor mad ambition, builder of vain visions
Soon to be scattered with wild winds' derisions
From the dull dreamer's sight.

No, no ! man's soul is set on better things, —
Thought blent with thought, as hand in hand that
clings ;
Joined lips whose kisses were but sighs apart ;
And all the dews of love that bathe love's fire ;
And all the married music of that lyre
Which vibrates in the heart !

Naught is there 'neath the sky which is not blest
With a sweet haunt, — a dear and sacred nest
Whereto one eye returns though far one rove :
The fisher hath his bark, each bird its brake,
Eagles the mountain, swans the placid lake,
While loving hearts have love !

THE DAWN-GATES OPEN.

THE dawn-gates open, still thy gate
Is shut! O Sweet! why dost thou sleep?
Thy sister-rose smiles; wilt thou wait,
Knowing that if thou wake not, she must weep?
O my loved one,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee!

All things at thy gate are singing:
List! dawn trills: "I bring the day."
The bird: "All melody I'm bringing."
My heart, — love, love, is all its lay!
O my loved one,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee!

Oh, I worship, I approve thee
Such, that verily God seems

To have given me spirit to love thee
Only ; sight but for *thy* beams !
O my loved one,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee !

TRIBUTE TO THE VANQUISHED.

O H, let me weep that race whose day is past,
By exile given, by exile claimed once more,
Thrice swept away upon that fatal blast !
Whate'er its blame, escort we to our shore
These relics of the monarchy of yore ;
And to th' outmarching oriflamme be paid
War's honours by the flag on Fleurus' field displayed !

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

IF some fragrant lawn be found,
By dews of heaven blest,
Where are seen, the whole year round
Flowers in beauty drest ;
Where rose, pink, and lilies rare,
All in rich profusion are, —
I would make a pathway there
For your foot to rest.

If there be that well can love, —
Some devoted breast,
Which all virtue doth approve,
All things base detest ;
If that bosom always beat
To perform heroic feat,
There I find a pillow meet
For your brow to rest.

If a dream of love there be,
By all sweets possesst,
Where each fleeting hour we see
Whatsoe'er is best, —
Dream, God-hallowed, bright and kind,
Where the soul to soul is joined, —
There a shelter would I find
For your heart to rest.

MORNING.

MORNING glances hither,
Now the shade is past;
Dream and fog fly thither
Where night goes at last;
Open eyes and roses
As the darkness closes;
And the sound that grows is
Nature waking fast.

Murmuring all and singing,
Hark! the news is stirred;
Roof and creepers clinging,
Smoke and nest of bird;

Winds to oak-trees bear it,
Streams and fountains hear it,
Every breath and spirit
As a voice is heard.

All takes up its story, —
Child resumes his play,
Hearth its ruddy glory,
Lute its lifted lay.
Wild or out of senses,
Through the world immense is
Sound as each commences
Schemes of yesterday.

SINCE GRIEF IS THE LOT OF ALL.

SINCE grief and trouble, tears and pain,
Fill up our lives on earth below,
Since every day affection's chain
Is shattered at a single blow ;

Parents and friends have gone before,
And our sweet children, loving dears,
Have gone, whilst we their loss deplore
Before we quit this Vale of Tears.

The very earth o'er which you bow,
And moisten with your bitter tears,
Holds all your hopes far down below, —
The shattered hopes of former years.

Since mingled with the tones we love,
The voices of our friends we hear,
Whilst in a strange procession move
The forms we 've lost for many a year ;

Since in these moments free from strife
We feel that near at hand is pain,
For like a chalice is our life
Which we can neither fill nor drain ;

And as old age creeps on apace,
Deeper in gloom and shade we fall,
For hope with false and flattering face
Has ceased upon our hearts to call ;

And since the pendulum's dull beat
Will not accord another day,
And in the crowd we do not meet
A friendly face upon our way ;

From earth's dark chains your spirits free,
Base not your hopes on things below ;
Your pearl dwells not in mortal sea,
Your path is not where many go.

Where no stars gleam in heaven's waste,
Push out on ocean wild your bark ;
Like life its bitter briny taste,
The sky like death so drear and dark.

The mysteries of night and sea
Full many mortals vainly seek.
God says that they untold shall be
Till the great day when all shall speak.

And many an eye has vainly tried
To plunge beneath the pathless main ;
Whilst monarchs all in vain have sighed
The secrets of the sky to gain.

Ask from the regions of the night
Some solace for your aching heart,
And let the tide with ceaseless might
Bring harmony to souls apart.

Far above other mortals rise,
And let your bright gaze roam between
Blessed souls that worship in the skies,
And earth where naught but graves are seen.

ABOVE THE BATTLE.

IN a brief moment can the hero fall
From out his pride of place high-throned o'er all
Earth's petty kings that shiver,
Of all his glory and might discrowned, — ay, even
Of that bright spell which seemed a dower of heaven ;
But his high heart keeps ever !

Thus, when the blast of battle doth enfold
A banner bright, its azure, scarlet, gold,
Adorned with glorious vallance,
About th' ensanguined field lies scatterèd,
Torn fiercely asunder shred by glittering shred,
As by a vulture's talons.

What matter ? O'er the ghastly strife that streams
Hither and thither, wild with fire, smoke, screams,
Of aspect calm and regal,
High on the staff — last sight of warriors dying —
Whence late the last proud purple rags were flying,
Still stands the brazen eagle !

MORE STRONG THAN TIME.

SINCE I have set my lips to your full cup, my sweet ;
Since I my pallid face between your hands have
laid ;

Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade ;

Since it was given to me to hear one happy while,
The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries ;
Since I have seen you weep, and since I have seen you
smile,

Your lips upon my lips, and your gaze upon my eyes ;

Since I have known upon my forehead glance and gleam,
A ray, a single ray, of your star, veiled always ;
Since I have felt the fall upon my lifetime's stream
Of one rose-petal plucked from the roses of your days :

I now am bold to say to the swift-changing hours,
Pass, pass upon your way, for I grow never old.
Flee to the dark abysm with all your fading flowers ;
One rose that none may pluck within my heart I hold.

Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill
The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet.
My heart has far more fire than you have frost to chill,
My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

L'ART D'ÊTRE GRANDPÈRE.

L'ART D'ÊTRE GRANDPÈRE.

THE EPIC OF THE LION.

I.

A LION in his jaws caught up a child —
Not harming it — and to the woodland, wild
With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey ;
The beast, as one might cull a flower in May,
Had plucked this bud, not thinking wrong or right,
Mumbling its stalk, too proud or kind to bite, —
A lion's way, roughly compassionate.
Yet truly dismal was the victim's fate ;
Thrust in a cave that rumbled with each roar,
His food wild herbs, his bed the earthy floor,
He lived, half-dead with daily frightening.
It was a rosy boy, son of a king, —
A ten-year lad with bright eyes shining wide.
And save this son His Majesty beside
Had but one girl, two years of age ; and so
The monarch suffered, being old, much woe,

His heir the monster's prey, while the whole land
In dread both of the beast and king did stand ;
Sore terrified were all.

By came a knight
That road, who halted, asking, " What's the fright ? "
They told him, and he spurred straight for the den ;
Oh, such a place ! the sunlight entering in
Grew pale and crept, so grim a sight was shown
Where the gaunt Lion on the rock lay prone.
The wood, at this part thick of growth and wet,
Barred out the sky with black trunks closely set ;
Forest and forester matched wondrous well !
Great stones stood near, with ancient tales to tell, —
Such as make moorlands weird in Brittany ;
And at its edge a mountain you might see, —
One of those iron walls which shut off heaven.
The Lion's den was a deep cavern driven
Into the granite ridge, fenced round with oaks :
Cities and caverns are discordant folks, —
They bear each other grudges ! This did wave
A leafy threat to trespasser, " Hence, knave !
Or meet my Lion ! "

In the champion went.
The den had all the sombre sentiment
Which palaces display, — deaths, murderings,



Peint par. M. ou de Loure

Photographie Goupil & Co

Terrors ; you felt, " Here lives one of the kings."
Bones strewn around showed that this mighty lord
Denied himself naught which his woods afford.
A rock-rift pierced by stroke of lightning gave
Such misty glimmer as a den need have ;
What eagles might think dawn and owls the dusk
Makes day enough for kings of claw and tusk.
All else was regal, though. You understood
Why the majestic brute slept, as he should,
On leaves, with no lace curtains to his bed ;
And how his wine was blood — nay, or instead,
Spring-water lapped *sans* napkin, spoon, or cup,
Or lackeys.

Being from spur to crest mailed up,
The champion enters.

In the den he spies
Truly a Mighty One ! Crowned to the eyes
With shaggy golden fell, — the Beast ! It muses
With look infallible ; for, if he chooses,
The master of a wood may play at pope,
And this one had such claws, there was small hope
To argue with him on a point of creed !
The Knight approached, — yet not too fast, indeed.
His footfall clanged, flaunted his rose-red feather :
None the more notice took the Beast of either,

Still in his own reflections plunged profound.
Theseus a-marching upon that black ground
Of Sisyphus, Ixion, and dire hell
Saw such a scene, murk and implacable ;
But duty whispered, " Forward ! " so the Knight
Drew out his sword. The Lion at that sight
Lifted his head in slow wise, grim to see.

The Knight said : " Greeting, monstrous brute, to thee !
In this foul hole thou hast a child in keeping, —
I search its noisome nooks with glances sweeping
But spy him not. That child I must reclaim.
Friends are we if thou renderest up the same ;
If not — I too am lion, thou wilt find.
The king his lost son in his arms shall bind,
While here thy wicked blood runs, smoking-hot,
Before another dawn."

" I fancy not,"

Pensive the Lion said.

The Knight strode near,
Brandished his blade and cried : " Sire, have a care ! "
The beast was seen to smile — ominous sight !
Never make lions smile ! Then joined they fight, —
The man and monster, in most desperate duel,
Like warring giants, angry, huge, and cruel ;

Like tigers crimsoning an Indian wood,
The man with steel, the beast with claws as good.
Fang against falchion, hide to mail, that lord
Hurled himself foaming on the flashing sword.
Stout though the Knight, the Lion stronger was,
And tore that brave breast under its cuirass,
And striking blow on blow, with ponderous paw,
Forced plate and rivet off, until you saw
Through all the armour's cracks the bright blood spirt,
As when clinched fingers make a mulberry squirt;
And piece by piece he stripped the iron sheath, —
Helm, armlets, greaves, — gnawed bare the bones beneath,
Scrunching that hero, till he sprawled, alas!
Beneath his shield, all blood and mud and mass :
Whereat the Lion feasted. Then he went
Back to his rocky couch and slept content.

II.

Next came a hermit :

He found out the cave ;
With girdle, gown, and cross, trembling and grave,
He entered. There that Knight lay, out of shape,
Mere pulp. The Lion, waking up, did gape,

Opened his yellow orbs, heard some one grope ;
And seeing the woollen coat bound with a rope,
A black peaked cowl, and inside that a man,
He finished yawning and to growl began ;
Then, with a voice like prison-gates which creak,
Roared, " What wouldst thou ? "

" My King — "

" King ? "

" May I speak ? "

" Of whom ? "

" The Prince."

" Is that what makes a king ? "

The monk bowed reverence: " Majesty ! I bring
A message ; wherefore keep this child ? "

" For that

Whene'er it rains I 've some one here to chat."

" Return him."

" Not so."

" What then wilt thou do ?

Wouldst eat him ? "

" Ay, if I have naught to chew ! "

" Sire, think upon His Majesty in woe ! "

" They killed my dam," the Beast said, " long ago."

" Bethink thee, sire, a king implores a king."

" Nonsense he talks, — he's man ! When my notes ring,

A Lion's heard!"

"His only boy!"

"Well, well!

He hath a daughter."

"She's no heir."

"*I dwell*

Alone in this my home, 'mid wood and rock,
Thunder my music, and the lightning-shock
My lamp; let his content him."

"Ah, show pity!"

"What means that word? Is't current in your city?"

"Lion, thou'dst wish to go to heaven — see here!

I offer thee indulgence, and, writ clear,

God's passport to his paradise!"

"Get forth,

Thou holy rogue!" thundered the Beast in wrath:

The hermit disappeared.

III.

Thereat left free,

Full of a lion's vast serenity

He slept again, leaving still night to pass.

The moon rose, starting spectres on the grass,

Shrouding the marsh with mist, blotting the ways,
And melting the black woodland to grey maze ;
No stir was seen below, above no motion
Save of the white stars trooping to the ocean ;
And while the mole and cricket in the brake
Kept watch, the Lion's measured breath did make
Slow symphony that kept all creatures calm.
Sudden, loud cries and clamours, striking qualm
Into the heart of the quiet ; horn and shout
Causing the solemn wood to reel with rout,
And all the nymphs to tremble in their trees.
The uproars of a midnight chase are these
Which shake the shades, the marsh, mountain and
stream,

And breaks the silence of their sombre dream.
The thicket flashed with many a lurid spark
Of torches borne 'mid wild cries through the dark ;
Hounds, nose to earth, ran yelping through the wood,
And armed groups, gathering in the alleys, stood.
Terrific was the noise that rolled before ;
It seemed a squadron ; nay, 't was something more, —
A whole battalion, sent by that sad king
With force of arms his little Prince to bring,
Together with the Lion's bleeding hide.

Which here was right or wrong ? Who can decide ?
Have beasts or men most claim to live ? God wots !
He is the unit, we the cipher-dots.

Well warmed with meat and drink those soldiers were ;
Good hearts they bore, and many a bow and spear ;
Their number large, and by a captain led
Valiant, whilst some in foreign wars had bled,
And all were men approved and firm in fight ;
The Lion heard their cries, affronting night,
For by this time his awful lids were lifted ;
But from the rock his chin he never shifted,
And only his great tail wagged to and fro.

Meantime, outside the cavern, startled so,
Came close the uproar of this shouting crowd.
As round a web flies buzzing in a cloud,
Or hive-bees swarming o'er a bear ensnared,
This hunter's legion buzzed and swarmed and flared.
In battle order all their ranks were set, —
'T was understood the Beast they came to get,
Fierce as a tiger's cunning, strong to seize,
Could munch up heroes as an ape cracks fleas,
Could with one glance make Jove's own bird look
down ;

Wherefore they laid him siege as to a town.
The pioneers with axes cleared the way,
The spearmen followed in a close array,
The archers held their arrows on the string;
Silence was bid, lest any chattering
Should mask the lion's footstep in the wood;
The dogs — who know the moment when 't is good
To hold their peace — went first, nose to the ground,
Giving no tongue; the torches all around
Hither and thither flickered, their long beams
Through sighing foliage sending ruddy gleams, —
Such is the order a great hunt should have.
And soon between the trunks they spy the cave, —
A black, dim-outlined hole, deep in the gloom,
Gaping, but blank and silent as the tomb,
Wide open to the night, as though it feared
As little all that clamour as it heard.
There's smoke where fire smoulders, and a town,
When men lay siege, rings tocsin up and down.
Nothing so here; therefore with vague dismay
Each stood, and grasp on bow or blade did lay,
Watching the sombre stillness of that chasm;
The dogs among themselves whimpered; a spasm
From the horror lurking in all voiceless places —
Worse than the rage of tempests — blanched all faces.

Yet they were there to find and fight this thing,
So they advance, each bush examining,
Dreading full sore the very prey they sought ;
The pioneers held high the lamps they brought.
“ There ! that is it ! the very mouth of the den ! ”
The trees all round it muttered, warning men :
Still they kept step and neared it. Look you now !
Company 's pleasant, and there were a thou —
Good Lord ! all in a moment, there 's its face !
Frightful ! They saw the Lion ! Not one pace
Further stirred any man ; the very trees
Grew blacker with his presence, and the breeze
Blew shudders into all hearts present there.
Yet, whether 't was from valour or wild fear,
The archers drew, and arrow, bolt, and dart
Made target of the Beast. He, on his part, —
As calm as Pelion in the rain or hail, —
Bristled majestic from the nose to tail,
And shook full fifty missiles from his hide ;
Yet any meaner brute had found beside
Enough still sticking fast to make him yell
Or fly. The blood was trickling down his fell,
But no heed took he, glaring steadfastly ;
And all those men of war, amazed to be
Thus met by so stupendous might and pride,

Thought him no beast, but some god brutified.
The hounds, tail down, slunk back behind the spears ;
And then the Lion, 'mid the silence, rears
His awful face, and over wood and marsh
Roared a vast roar, hoarse, vibrant, vengeful, harsh, —
A rolling, raging peal of wrath, which spread
From the quaking earth to the echoing vault o'erhead,
Making the half-awakened thunder cry,
“ Who thunders there ? ” from its black bed of sky.

This ended all : sheer horror cleared the coast.
As fogs are driven by wind, that valorous host
Melted, dispersed to all the quarters four,
Clean panic-stricken by that monstrous roar ;
Each with one impulse — leaders, rank and file,
Deeming it haunted ground, where Earth somehow
Is wont to breed marvels of lawless might —
They scampered, mad, blind, reckless, wild with fright.
Then quoth the Lion, “ Woods and mountains ! see,
A thousand men enslaved fear one Beast free ! ”
As lava to volcanoes, so a roar
Is to these creatures ; and, the eruption o'er
In heaven-shaking wrath, they mostly calm.
The gods themselves to lions yield the palm
For magnanimity. When Jove was king,

Hercules said, "Let's finish off the thing,
Not the Nemæan merely; every one
We'll strangle — all the lions." Whereupon
The lions yawned a "much obliged!" his way.

But this Beast, being whelped by night, not day —
Offspring of glooms — was sterner; one of those
Who go down slowly when their storm's at close.
His anger had a savage ground-swell in it:
He loved to take his naps, too, to the minute,
And to be roused up thus with horn and hound,
To find an ambush sprung, to be hemmed round,
Targetted, — 't was an insult to his grove!
He paced towards the hill, climbed high above,
Lifted his voice, and as the sowers sow
The seeds down wind, thus did that Lion throw
His message far enough the town to reach.

"King, your behaviour really passes speech!
Thus far no harm I've wrought to him your son;
But now I give you notice, when night's done
I will make entry at your city-gate,
Bringing the Prince alive; and those who wait
To see him in my jaws — your lackey-crew —
Shall see me eat him in your palace too!"

Quiet the night passed, while the streamlets bubbled,
And the clouds sailed across the vault untroubled.

Next morning this is what was viewed in town :

Dawn coming, people going, — some adown,
Praying, some crying ; pallid cheeks, swift feet,
And a huge Lion stalking through the street.

IV.

The quaking townsmen in the cellars hid.
How make resistance ? Briefly, no one did !
The soldiers left their posts, the gates stood wide ;
'T was felt the Lion had upon his side
A majesty so godlike, such an air, —
That den, too, was so dark and grim a lair, —
It seemed scarce short of rash impiety
To cross its path as the fierce Beast went by.
So to the palace and its gilded dome
With stately steps unchallenged did he roam,
In many a spot with those vile darts scarred still,
As you may note an oak scored with the bill,
Yet nothing recks that giant-trunk, so here
Paced this proud wounded Lion, free of fear,

While all the people held aloof in dread,
Seeing the scarlet jaws of that great head
Hold up the princely boy, a-swoon.

Is 't true

Princes are flesh and blood? Ah, yes! and you
Had wept with sacred pity, seeing him
Swing in the Lion's mouth, body and limb.
The tender captive, gripped by those grim fangs,
On either side the jowl helplessly hangs,
Deathlike, albeit he bore no wound of tooth.
And for the brute thus gagged it was, in sooth,
A grievous thing to wish to roar, yet be
Muzzled and dumb, so he walked savagely,
His pent heart blazing through his burning eyes,
While not one bow is stretched, no arrow flies;
They dreaded, peradventure, lest some shaft
Shot with a trembling hand and faltering craft
Might miss the Beast and pierce the Prince:

So, still

As he had promised, roaring from his hill,
This Lion, scorning town and townsfolk sick
To view such terror, goes on straight and quick
To the King's house, hoping to meet there one
Who dares to speak with him, — outside is none!
The door's ajar, and flaps with every blast;

He enters it, — within those walls at last !

No man !

For, certes, though he raged and wept,
His Majesty, like all, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm. Now, death
Is not thus viewed by honest beasts of prey ;
And when the Lion found *him* fled away,
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so base,
He muttered to himself in that dark place
Where lions keep their thoughts : “ This wretched King !
'T is well, I'll eat his boy ! ” Then, wandering,
Lordly he traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors,
Glanced at the throne deserted, stalked from hall
To hall, green, yellow, crimson, empty all !
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied !
And as he walked he looked from side to side
To find some pleasant nook for his repast,
Since appetite was come to munch at last
The princely morsel. — Ah ! what sight astounds
That grisly lounge ?

In the palace grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing — forgot in the general fear,

Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice — was that moment waking;
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking,
The Prince's sister; all alone, undrest,
She sate up singing: children sing so best.

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer!
A mouth all rose-bud, blossoming in laughter!
A baby-angel hard at play! A dream
Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem
If girls were hatched! — all these! Eyes, too, so blue
That sea and sky might own their sapphire new!
Neck bare, arms bare, pink legs and stomach bare!
Naught hid the roseate satin skin, save where
A little white-laced shift was fastened free;
She looked as fresh, singing thus peacefully,
As stars at twilight or as April's heaven;
A floweret, you had said, divinely given,
To show on earth how God's own lilies grow, —
Such was this beauteous baby-maid; and so
The Beast caught sight of her and stopped —

And then

Entered. The floor creaked as he stalked straight in.

Above the playthings by the little bed
The lion put his shaggy massive head,
Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
More dreadful with that princely prey so borne;
Which she, quick spying, "Brother! brother!" cried,
"Oh, my own brother!" and, unterrified —
Looking a living rose that made the place
Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace, —
She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood.
And — well! who knows what thoughts these small
heads hold?
She rose up in her cot, full height and bold,
And shook her pink fist angrily at him.

Whereon, close to the little bed's white rim,
All dainty silk and laces, this huge brute
Set down her brother gently at her foot,
Just as a mother might, and said to her,
"Don't be put out, now! There he is, dear, — there!

WITH MY GRANDCHILDREN.

I PLOD between my dear grandchildren,
Through glens whence glide away the fawn,
And past twined bramble where they 'd amble,
While cheerful breezes greet the dawn.

Slow, pensive progress next my playmates,
Whose pretty prattlings past me cross ;
Jane seeks an orgie found by Georgie, —
Ripe berries in the velvet moss.

My steps still trammelled by their toddling,
What deep appeasement fills the glade !
As deep I ponder as they wander,
Or push me first where they 're afraid.

Not fearful long ; for see, George plunging
Black briars through, to seize some prize
For her, his duty ! Youth for beauty
Dares darker dreads 'neath age's eyes.

GEORGE AND JEANNE.

I.

I WHOM a little child makes far from wise,
Have two, — sweet George and Jeanne; in this
one's eyes

My sunlight dwells, by this one's hand I'm led.
Jeanne's but ten months; o'er George two years have
sped.

Divinely subtle are their baby-ways,
And from their trembling utterance love essays
To catch the birth-star song ere it take flight;
While I — like even darkening into night,
Whose destiny hath lost the light of day —
Take heart to sing: "What dawn so fair as they?"
New heavens are opened wide at each child-word;
My soul's intent to hear what they have heard;
Old thoughts are banished by the sweet new thought;
Desires, ambitions, projects, things of naught;
Matters of weighty moment fade away
As grows the sunlight of my darling's day.
All birds that brood in darkness ply swift wings
As all the choir of morn more blithely sings.

Ah, tottering children guide one's steps aright !
Behold them ! hear them ! Every brow grows bright,
All hearts beat happily that near them beat
In chime with baby-counsels sacred, sweet.
In all my life they're merged, — in smiles or tears,
In all my sorrowful or joyous years.
Naught have I known so precious as the sense
Of smiles of childhood cleaving darkness dense,
Of brightening common sunlight : I behold
From baby's cradle steal these rays of gold.

At eve I watch them slumbering. Sweet shut eyes
And placid brows o'ershadowed like the skies
When through soft veils the starry lights first beam
Amaze me, murmuring, "What can be their dream ?"
George dreams of cakes, perchance, of playthings fine,
Dog, cock, or cat ; Jeanne chats with friends divine ;
Then their eyes open wide, and make the whole world
shine.

Their dawn, alas ! marks growth of our decline.

They prattle. Do they talk ? As doth the flower
To the wood-brooklet ; as, in childhood's hour,
Their father to his sister, laughing gay ;

Or as I chattered all the livelong day
Unto my brothers, while our sire stood near
And watched us gambol in the sunlight clear
Of Rome, in days long dead, which never die.
Jeanne, whose bright eyes all bluest flowers outvie,
Whose fingers frail still capture fairy things,
With bare arms fluttering like an angel's wings,
Harangues, in songs where floats a starry sign,
George, a boy-babe or baby-god divine.
O bluest heaven, no mortal speech is hers !
In such sweet strains the wandering wind confers
With fragrant groves, with waves on summer seas ;
Grey pilots off the shores of ancient Greece
Erst left their helms, thus lured by siren's voice
To sorrow, as Jeanne now lures us to rejoice.
'T is May-month music, born beneath the sun's
Bright glance, with changeful burthen, " I love !"
" Loved once !"

It is the tremulous language filled with light
Which lisps to life each little child's delight.
Beguiled by April, vast, bewildering,
They babble at vast windows of the Spring.
These strange, sweet notes which Jeanne pipes to her
brother
Are those one amorous bird trills to another ;

Such subtle questions bees to flowers propound,
And simple flowers to sparrows more profound.
Of spherul harmonies soft undersong
It is, and doth the angelic choir prolong.
Heaven's visions are revealed in infant-strains;
Heaven's mystery, perchance, Jeanne's song explains, —
For little ones but yesterday came thence,
Bearing star-secrets through our darkness dense.
O George! O Jeanne! your voices thrill my heart!
In such a song stars only could take part.
Their eyes upon me light my whole soul through,
And all its darkness breaks to heavenly blue.
Jeanne smiles bewildered; George has bold bright eyes;
Both totter, — inebriate pets from paradise!

A SLAP.

FROM the small hand was dealt a hearty tap :
"Grandfather, scold her!" "What, give you a
slap?"

The culprit you with greater love behold,
"Pray, scold." — Says Age, "I can no longer scold ;
Nothing but smiles are left me now-a-day."

Nero I've seen proscribe, Judas betray,
Satan victorious, — rogues and ruffians reign.
When one's deep heart has proved on these disdain ;
When one has spent indignant rage and hates ;
When viewing all that the Church tolerates,
Which pulpits hail, and which the priest calls right ;
When, dauntless, one has raved on some rough height ;
When on the invasion of the Parthian horde,
On Bonaparte's black crime and perjured word,
On laws and night doomed to a bloody tomb,
Barbés from Paris, Brutus spurned from Rome,
On tyrants safe afloat, while wrecked the State ;
When one has poured phials of lyric hate ;

When one has dared the prison roof remove,
And drawn forth all the clamour from above, —
The imprecations, lightnings, hisses, cries,
Of that dread holy cavern in the skies ;
When one has during days that seemed as nights
Rolled all the voices of the gulf, the slights,
The darkness, groans and tears for France betrayed,
Isaiah heaped on Juvenal, the shade
And ruin of infuriate poesy,
Like rocks of bitter hatred in the sky ;
When 'gainst one's wrath the tomb no shelter gave ;
When eagles one has struck the dove to save ;
Nimrod, Napoleon, Cæsar, one has beat,
And dared with scorn the whole Pantheon treat ;
And oft to quake that lofty building taught,
And on and under earth has Justice wrought ;
And all miasmas far and wide disperst,
Home somewhat weary one returns at last, —
You don't get angry with familiar flies,
The little pecks that come from aviaries,
Sweet mocking laughter from melodious nests.
And all these little gods, or little pests,
Which babes and brats we call, enchantment bring ;
And when they try to bite, you think they sing.

What peace in pardon ! Dante, Cato be
Against the mighty, not the small. Shall we
Make a gruff voice 'gainst the soft cry that charms,
Or shall we against sparrows don our arms ?
Bah ! 'Gainst the dawn you don't in anger come,
And thunder should be mild and sweet at home.



THE CICATRIX.

AN ugly cicatrix was crusted o'er ;
'T was Jeanne's delight to pick and bleed the
sore.

She comes and shows her hand in piteous case,
And says, " I've pulled the skin from off the place."
I scold, she cries ; but when her tears I see,
I'm done ! " I yield ; come, make it up with me,
Jeanne, — on condition that again you smile."
The sweet child sprang into my arms ; the while
She said, with gently patronizing air,
" I love you, so no more my hand I'll tear."
Now both are pleased, and on equality, —
She with my kindness, with her pardon I.

JEANNE ASLEEP.

BIRDS sing, and I am plunged in reveries :
There lies she, rosy 'neath the flowery trees,
Rocked in her cot as in a halcyon's nest,
Soft, unperceiving in her tranquil rest
How sun and shade successive on her fall.
She's tiny, she is supernatural !
Vast loveliness of infant purity !
I muse ; she dreams. Beneath her brow there lie
Entanglements of visions all serene, —
Cloud-women, every one a stately queen ;
Angels and lions, with mild, kindly air,
And poor, good giants, of whom dwarfs take care ;
Triumphs of forest flowers, and trophies bright
Of heavenly trees, all full of fairy light :
A cloud where half disclosed is paradise, —
Such are the sights in childhood's sleep arise.
The baby's cradle is the realm of dreams,
And real each vision which God sends it deems ;
Thence their fresh smile, and their deep peace received.
Soon one may say, " 'T was false all I believed ! "

But the good God shall answer from the cloud,
"No, you dreamed heaven. Though shadows I've
allowed
Heaven you will have : for the next cradle wait
The tomb." 'T is thus I dream. Sing, birds, elate !

JEANNE ASLEEP.

SHE sleeps ! Her eyes will soon expand again ;
My finger which she holds fills all her hand.
I read, while that naught wakes her I take care.
The pious journals ! all insult me there.
One treats as madmen all who read my lines ;
One to the hangman all my works assigns ;
Another while a tear bedews his lids,
Kindly, the passers-by to stone me bids.
My writings all are vile and poisoning,
Where all black snakes of ill their spirals wring ;
One credits hell, and me its priest declares,
Or Antichrist, or Satan ; and one fears
At eve to meet me on the forest's brink.
One hands me hemlock ; cries another, " Drink ! "



I sacked the Louvre, the hostages I killed,
And fancied mobs with lust of plunder filled ;
Paris in flames with red my brow should dye ;
I'm cutthroat, butcher, thug, incendiary,
Miser, and should have been less fierce and base
Had but the emperor given me a place ;
I'm general poisoner and murderer.
Thus all these voices I around me hear
Heap insult on me without stint or stay.
The child sleeps on as if its dream would say
‘ O father ! yet be quiet, yet benign — ’
I feel her hand is gently pressing mine.

ORA AMA.

THE swift-foot partridge scuds along the banks ;

And as to make her join their choric ranks,
The circling clouds the virgin moon have ta'en.

Dear little George, now tell me, shall we twain
Down there 'neath the old willow go and play ?

Night falls — they bathe — the mower plods his way
Shouldering his scythe : he wipes his heated brow.
Gleams indistinct and vague does twilight throw
Upon the forms, all laughing in the brook.

The vicar passes by and shuts his book, —
Too late to read. The small remains of sun
Invite to prayer him who with love has done.
Love, prayer, are dawn and evening of the soul, —
In Nature much akin. 'Neath love's control
And 'neath the power of prayer we kneel alone :
To you when you're a man will this be known.

Meanwhile, my large-eyed child, all this is told
To you my George, as to my Charles of old, —
When die the rose wings, then the blue ones grow,
And prayer no less than love does boldness show,
And love as prayer does equal fear display.

Still in the open glade 't is almost day ;
The angelus proclaims th' approach of night.
O sky sublime ! dark mansion infinite !
Walls passing speech ! obscure — illuminate !

How in the home of thunder penetrate ?
Youth becomes thoughtful, age disquieted,
Before th' unknown ; vaguely, with stars o'erspread,
The trembling eve like shivering dawn we see.

Prayer is the gate, and love the opening key.

EVENING.

COLD is the fog, and the grey mists rise,
And the herds of oxen to water go.
Black clouds the pale wan moon peeps through,
And seems to light you, as by surprise.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The traveller walks dark heaths between, —
Dark shade to left and dark shade to right;
Pale is the west, and the east is light:
Here twilight, and there the moon is seen.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The witch squats down, and her lip sticks up;
To the ceiling the spider has fixed its net;
The goblin is in the marsh fire set
Like a pistil of gold in a tulip's cup.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

On the hungry billow the lugger flies,
And shipwreck watches the mast alway ;
The wind says, "To-morrow," the sea, "to-day ;"
The voices you hear are despairing cries.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The coach which from Avranches goes to Fougère
Cracking its whip like a lightning flash.
Now is the hour when rave and clash
Wondrous sounds in the murky air.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

In the deep thick woods, flare brilliant lights,
The old grave-yard, is a-top of the hill,
Whence does God find all the black to fill
The broken hearts and the sleepless nights.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

Silvery pools quiver over the sand,
The sea hawk sits on the chalk cliff high,
The herdsman follows with awe-struck eye
The flight of devils, o'er sea and land.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

From the chimney-pot rises a long grey flag,
The woodcutter plods with his load of wood,
You hear 'mid the rush of the mountain flood
The crash of the boughs, which the torrents drag.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The starved wolf dreams he the sheepfold seeks,
The rivers speed, and the dark clouds flit,
And behind the pane where the lamp is lit,
Dear little children have rosy cheeks.

When 't was or where I no longer know,
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

HOW TERRIBLE THE FACE OF BRUTES.

HOW terrible the face of Brutes ! The unknown !
We feel th' eternal problem, darkly shown,
Unfathomed, which we Nature designate.
We gaze on shapeless shadow, chance or fate,
Rebellion, slavery, the hated yoke,
When in the lion's dreadful face we look.
The monster stormy, hoarse, wild, but not free —
Stupor ! What means that strange complexity,
Splendour and horror mixed, — the universe
Contending good and ill, blessing and curse,
Where stars, that brilliant, livid swarm, we trace,
Seeming in prison ta'en, fleeing through space,
Tossed out at hazard as we toss a die,
Forever chained, yet seeking liberty ?
What is that marvel, heavenly, horrible,
Where, in the Eden seen, we guess a hell ;
Where hopes betrayed — dread thought ! — sink out
of sight ;
Infinite suns, in night as infinite ;
Where in the brute, of God is lost the trace ?

When they behold the monster face to face,
The seers, rapt dreamers of the forest drear,
Wise prophets who mysterious voices hear,
Feel somewhat in the brute immense and dread.
For them the bitter grin of that dark head
Is the abyss, which shuns their scrutiny, —
Th' eternal secret which can brook no spy,
Which lets not in its mystery intrude
Those deep, pale, thinkers of the solitude.
Men to whom darkness lays its secrets bare
Feel the Sphinx angry grow, and stands their hair
On end ; their blood within their veins runs dry
Before the frown of the dark prodigy.

THE SIESTA.

SAFE sheltered from the noon-tide glare,
And noises of the busy day,
There sleeps, serene and free from care,
Jeanette, my child, tired out with play.

They, more than we, the dreamland need, —
Those children fresh from Heaven's own smile;
The world is cold and bleak indeed
For gentle hearts that know no guile.

She seeks the angels and the fays, —
Titania, Puck, and Ariel too;
With cherubs she in fancy plays
'Mid sylvan groves and skies of blue.

Oh, great our wonder could we know
The hidden joys of that blest sleep;
What dazzling sights, what visions glow,
While watch her guardian angels keep!

Thus at the still meridian hour
When birds are mute and winds are stayed,
When e'en each fragile leaf and flower
Forgets to tremble in the glade,

Jeanette takes her siesta then,
And her mamma can also rest;
For Nature wearies even when
We're helping those we love the best.

These tiny feet of roseate hue
Are resting like the peaceful soul;
The cradle-lace of azure blue
Seems an immortal's aureole.

There looks to my enraptured sight
A rosy light amidst the folds.
I laugh, and sadness takes its flight!
A radiant star that cradle holds.

The cooling shadows round her creep,
The wind holds back and dares not blow;
When suddenly from out her sleep
Her eyes re-ope with morn-like glow.

Her lovely arms she first extends,
Then foot and foot with charming grace,
And now her mother o'er her bends,
And gazes on her darling's face.

She thinks of all the sweetest names
To call her for her own dear sake,
And then 'twixt smiles and tears exclaims,
"You horror, there you are awake!"

TO GEORGE.

MY George, to some menagerie come on,
Buffon or circus, — anywhere will do ;
Still in Lutetia visit Babylon,
And without leaving Paris, Timbuctoo.

Those leopards see, that were from Tyre ta'en ;
The growling bear, the boa's silent might ;
Zebra, ounce, jackal, and those poets' twain, —
The sun-drunk eagle, vulture filled with night ;

The wily lynx, the snake that both ways rolls,
To which his treacherous friend Job likens well ;
Black tigers, through whose ebon mask two holes
Of livid flame, disclose the fires of hell ;

To see wild birds — the shiver of their wings
Is nice ; we 'll view, while safe as bars can make,
Wolves, jaguars, and gazelles, slim graceful things.
And mark the beauty of the painted snake.

Leave noise of men ; come to the animals.

Let 's lean athwart the stifling shade around, —
O'er lower griefs and vague, reproachful calls,
O'er tangled steps of mysteries profound ;

For beasts are shade. In darkness wandering
You know not what they hear, what understand ;
Haggard their cries, their eyes death-glances fling,
Yet their assertion is sublime and grand.

We who here reign, what useless things we say,
And know not of the evil which we do.
Truth comes ; we drive it as a foe away,
And against reason, reasons have to show.

Corbière at bar, Frayssinous in the church,
I much inferior to wild beasts conceive.
The soul in forest learns, without a search ;
I doubt in temples, on the mount believe.

God darkly names himself by Night's dim word ;
Wild Pelion than Quirinal awes us more ;
'Tis well, when we the talk of men have heard,
To go and hear the mighty lion roar.

TO JEANNE.

THAT I too like the beasts I freely own ;
 You they amuse, and me they teach. I feel
That not for naught in those fierce heads is shown,
 By God, the mystic gloom that woods reveal.

Curious, and born to pity and believe,
 To ask (watching the asp crawl 'neath the rose)
Why woman fears that Satan will deceive,
 While flowers fear not the snakes however close.

While we impose commandments on the earth, —
 Kings copying apes, who deeds of kings repeat,
Doubtful which race gave to the other birth, —
 Below, in fated dread beneath our feet,

A dim, strange world with wonder sees us now,
 And dreams, — beneath a yoke too often vile
The lowly monster and wan brute we bow, —
 Deeming us gods, though we are fiends the while.

O tragic unions! Laws past fathoming!

Know we the final word? See we the end?

What hideous spectre may from Venus spring!

What angel from Behemoth may descend!

Gulf! Height! Transfiguration! Mystery!

The soul shall cast that rag, the body, by!

The creature abject now, sublime shall be;

The hated grub, the much-loved butterfly.

LÆTITIA RERUM.

ALL Nature thrills with joyfulness ;
The winter flies, and hides away,
The year throws off its faded dress,
The earth puts on its best array.

Now all things new and stirring are ;
Youth wantons bright in every place.
Love's beauty-season everywhere
Is mirrored in the fountain's face.

Trees look their best ; all flowers anew, —
Try which shall greatest charms reveal ;
Each decks itself in fairest hue ;
The ugliest e'en are full of zeal.

Nosegays sprout from the mountain-side,
Light leaves from breezes kisses take ;
June laughs to see so Sunday-fied
The common people of the brake.

Yes, 't is an universal *fête* ;
Thistles, those rustics, join the cheer.
In summer's palace, fine and great,
The stars light up the chandelier.

Grass now is cut ; soon comes the corn ;
The mower sleeps beneath the May,
And upon every breeze is borne
The fragrance of the new-made hay.

Who sings ? The minstrel of the night !
The chrysalis no more is found ;
The grub is winged, and takes to flight,
Casting his fetters to the ground.

The water-spider swims his round ;
Shady the vines, the skies are clear ;
Day trembles, gnats with buzzing sound
Pursue and whisper in your ear.

The bee flits on from bloom to bloom,
Hornets and wasps are on the wing ;
To all these tipplers of perfume
A tap is opened by the spring.

Enters, his shirt in crumpled plight,
The drone who lives to sleep and dine ;
A lily is a napkin white,
A pink a beaker brimmed with wine.

Flies drink the red and gold that lie
Within the blooms that half expand ;
The drunkard is the butterfly,
Roses the taverns close at hand.

Full are they of ecstatic glee, —
Tipplers true liberty possess ;
Writ on no flower do you see
“This is the home of soberness.”

The providential luxury
Sparkles and shines with lavish store ;
That unique, priceless book, the sky,
Is by the morning gilded o'er.

Children, within your glances bright
I think the opening heaven to see ;
Your laugh is like the spring's delight,
Your tears are as the dawn to me.

IN THE WOODS.

I N the free wood I like to stray ;
Nature's true flowers must I love.
When autumn comes, the swallows say,
" 'T is time for us to pack and move."

When frost and snow give way to spring,
I see the buds, now coming back,
Are not in want of anything,
And in the forest nothing lack.

I say to brambles, " Maidens grow,"
To the wild thyme, " Perfume the air,"
And to the line of flowers that blow
On banks, " Now, make your hems with care."

I watch the door half opening,
The wind that's blowing from the height,
Because some roguery to bring
Is that deceiver's chief delight.

I start as soon as dawn awakes,
To see if nothing goes awry
Of the precautions April takes
'Gainst January's perfidy.

All rise again, though all must die ;
And I behold with raptured thought
Youth's unrestrained recovery
By envious darkness vainly fought.

I love the rustling copses dun,
Red lichens, and the ivy green,
And all the adornments which the sun
Invents to make the ruin's sheen.

When flowery May bedecks with plumes
Old, dismal, discontented towers,
I bid those antiquated tombs
Leave spring at will to scatter flowers.

SPOILT CHILDREN.

SEEING that children fear me not, and I
Am made to muse by conquering infancy,
Staid, serious folk knit their dark brows amazed, —
A grandfather broke loose from bounds and crazed,
Is what I am. Wrapt in paternity,
Naught but a good old headstrong smile am I.
Dear little ones, I'm grandfather complete.
He loves those dwarfs with the sky's blue replete;
He longs to get the moon, heaven's silver pelf,
For them, — perhaps a little for himself.
Not sane, in fact, — 't is terrible! I reign
Ill, and by fear will ne'er my realm restrain.
My subjects Jeanne and George, the Greybeard I, —
Grandsire uncurbed, mad with benignity.
All laws I make them overleap; indeed,
Their roseate Commonwealth to crimes I lead,
Seduced by harmful popularity.
You may allow the old, whose night is nigh,
His love of grace and laughter and the morn;
But of the babes whose crimes are not yet born,

I can but ask, "Should a grandsire be so
Anarchical as with his hand to show
As where in shade adventures may be met,
The cupboard where the pots of jam are set?"
Yes! Housewives, weep! for them, by fiendish plots
I do confess I stole those sacred pots!
Dreadful! For them climbed chairs, if to my eyes
Discovered hid a plate of strawberries
Kept for ourselves. The vile grandfather cries,
"Dear little greedy birds of paradise,
They are for you; but look into the street:
Poor children — one a babe — your eyes will meet.
They're hungry; bring them up and share the prize."

To doff the mask: I hold it prejudice,
I deem those rules stupid mistakes and vain,
That crags from the great eagles would restrain,
Love from white bosoms, and from children joy, —
I call it stifling, priggish idiotcy.
I laugh when we our manly fury vent,
A child from picking apples to prevent,
When we permit our kings false oaths to plight:
Defend your apples less, and more your right,
Peasant! When flows the tide of infamy,
When bourgeois, shameless, voting "Yes" we see;

Basile, a banker; Scapin, a mitred lord;
When, as we move a pawn upon the board,
A bold adventurer stakes a crime on France,
And passionless and dark plays with the chance,
Or of a convict's chain, or emperor's throne,—
When this is suffered and no fury shown,
And treason reigns, sunk in foul revelry,
Then I for refuge among cradles fly.
I seek the gentle dawn and more delight
In the pure troops of merry elves and bright,
Doing whate'er they like to pass the time,
Than in a crowd, accepting festive crime,
And Paris soiled by the lower empire—
And in spoilt children than in rotten sire!

TO MY GRANDSON.

COME hither, George. Ah, sons of sons of ours
With childhood's voice recall lost morning
hours.

In our abodes dull winter's darkening;
They scatter roses and the light of spring.
Their laughter brings warm tears to stony eyes,
And makes cold thresholds thrill with sweet surmise;
One radiant smile disperses all the gloom
Of heavy years that bend us to the tomb.
A child's hand leads us 'mong th' old vanished years,
Sweet day by day, with new flowers decked, appears.
Amazed, we wander all the lost paths through,
With lighter hearts suffused with heavenlier blue.
A child that blossoms sets old age a-flower;
Grandpapa enters blithe Aurora's bower
With little ones around him triumphing.
Dwarfed to a child's small stature, lo! a wing
Grows, and we watch, with sense of sweet surprise,
'Mong spotless souls, our dark soul seek the skies.

SET FREE.

A T winter's close one only bird remained
Within the cage which late a host contained ;
A void was made in the great aviary.
One titmouse, late familiar, but now shy,
Was left to solitude and dismal thought,
Cake, water, seed, to have, and want for naught;
To see a fly within its cage beguiled
Was its whole happiness, 't was now grown wild.
No mate, not e'en a sparrow, had it got, —
A cage is well, but a blank desert not !
Sad bird to roost alone, and every morn
Alone to dress its feathers all forlorn.
The wretched little thing left in the lurch
Grew shy, with turning his deserted perch.
Sometimes, as a set task, he used to fly
From stick to stick with endless industry
And frantic speed ; then suddenly would sit,
Dumb, gloomy, sad, nor from his corner flit.
To see his feathers all puffed out, his eye,
His head put 'neath his wing though day was high,
One guessed his mourning, grief, and widowed state ;

Lost every song and every tuneful mate.
This morn I entered through the cage's door.

Two poles, a grot, a grove, and nothing more
Furnished the prison, where a fountain thrills ;
Wide curtains through the winter guard from chills.

At the dark giant's sight, the bird afraid,
Fled, high and low, to find concealing shade ;
In agony of fright naught could assuage
(The weak, dismayed, show impotence of rage),
He fluttered off before my appalling hand ;
And I to catch him on a table stand.
Then terrified, o'ercome, and uttering cries,
He in a corner sank — I seized the prize.
What 'gainst a monster can an atom do ?
How, when th' enormous phantom clutches you,
Can it — wan fragile captive ! — be opposed ?
It lay still in my hands ; its eyes were closed,
Its beak was wide, its neck hung from distress,
Its wings seemed dead, dumb, sightless, motionless ;
I felt its heart fast on its sides to strike.

To his bright sister Dawn, is April like ;
As dazzling he as she is pink and fair ;

As one who wakes and laughs, he has the air.
We're in the month of April, and my lawn,
My garden and my neighbour's, and the dawn,
All heaven and earth, filled with that rapture are
Which in the flowers exhale, glows in the star!
The furze in gala dress gilds the ravine,
Where the bees make their murmurings divine;
Bent o'er the cress, the myosotis dips
Its flow'rets in the spring, and freshly sips.
The grass is happy — winter melts away;
Nature seems glad that all things own her sway, —
Scents, songs, and rays, — and a kind host to be.
All space feels love.

I left the aviary,
And towards the balcony, all ivied o'er,
Approached. The bird still in my hand I bore.
All things to throb, glow, laugh, renew, I see;
Then opening wide my hand, I said, "Be free!"
Hasted the bird 'mid waving boughs to fly,
And in the radiant spring's immensity
I watched the little soul depart afar,
In that pink light where flames commingled are,
In the deep air, the countless trees above,
Flying to the vague call of nests and love.

Wildly it soared towards other wings, nor knew
Which palace best to choose ; to boughs it flew,
To flowers, to streams, to woods in spring's device,
With ecstasy of entering paradise.

Then in the light and in the clear expanse,
Seeing that flight, and that deliverance,
And that poor soul in port safe hid away,
Musing, I said, " Death's part I've played to-day."

JEANNE IN DISGRACE.

IN the dark room a convict, Jeanne confined,
Her fare dry bread, puts duty out of mind,
And makes me creep — old rebel that I am ! —
To smuggle in the den a pot of jam.
Caught in this treacherous act, straightway all those
On whom the righteous household laws repose,
Cry, “Shame!” though Jeanne avers with guileless
grace

That never more she ’ll make an ugly face.
Still, all repeat, “For shame! That naughty child
Knows by what paltry pleadings you ’re beguiled,
She sees you always smile when scolding’s due;
Punishment’s made a mock of, thanks to you!
At every moment, all the livelong day,
You break some rule in your bad, reckless way;
Order’s impossible.” I hang my head,
And say, “To that, there’s nothing to be said;
I’m wrong. Ah, yes! when such the reins assume,
They quickly drive the nations to their doom.
Put me on dry bread, please, in this dark room.”

"None could deserve it better, so we will."

Then from the corner dark where small and still

Jeanne sat, she whispered, lifting eyes that swam,

"Don't mind, dear! Soon I'll bring you a pot of jam."



IN THE MEADOWS.

O'ER wood and stream I muse with tenderness,
Of birds and flowers a grandfather no less.

I pity feel for all the things that are,

And bid the children even roses spare.

Scare neither plant nor animal, I say;

Laugh without frightening, without harming play.

Jeanne and her brother George, pure browed, bright
eyed,

Sparkle amid the flowers expanding wide.

Harmless I wander in this paradise.

I hear them sing, and musing thoughts arise;

In their glad games how little heed they take

Of the sad sound the turning pages make

Of Fate's mysterious volume. From the priest

How far they are, how near to Jesus Christ.



Dessiné par Heilbuth.

Photographie Goupil & C^{ie}

MY JEANNE.

MY Jeanne, whom I tenderly love and adore,
Is queenly in right of her sex: all its lore
Is to beautiful be, to have arms white as snow,
And to make by a look the worst rebel bend low;
To know aught of nothing save bouquets and dress,
To enthral the most learned by smile or caress,
To be gentle as Heaven, as fair as the rose,
To the sad or ungrateful, the poor or morose.
Jeanne knows all about it, for she is aged three;
And she is the flower of my old age, for me
To contemplate, cherish, — my joy, my delight!
My verse, which seems worthless when she is in sight,
Is inspired by her glances, and filled with her chat.
Her dress is a wonder, bewitching her hat,
Her red shoes are dainty, her movements as light
As a fly's on the wing, and the colours as bright
Of the costumes she shows off with womanly pride,
With a glimpse of the womanly spirit inside.
'Tis her due to be queen, to be fair is her right.
When her sweet reign commences my wisdom takes
flight.

THE POOR CHILDREN.

OF little children take fond care ;
God is within them, they are great,
For they have breathed a purer air
As stars in the celestial state.

He in his goodness sends us those,
Endowed with messages of love ;
Their sunny laugh his wisdom shows,
Their kiss his pardon from above.

Their gentle brightness makes us glad,
For theirs is happiness untold.
The angels weep when they are sad ;
The heavens shake if they are cold.

The misery of the child's pure soul
To vicious man alone is due,
Who holds the angels in control ;
Oh, what a blot on heaven's blue !

God looks upon those children dear
Whom he has sent us while we slept.
He sent them clad in kingly gear ;
How oft in rags and tears they 're kept !

GRANDFATHER'S SONG.

DANCE, little girls, so gaily,
All in a fairy ring :
Seeing you dancing, ere May be,
Woods will blossom and sing.

Dance, little queens, so stately,
All in a fairy ring :
'Neath the oaks, dreaming sedately,
Tenderly lovers will cling.

Dance, little sprites, so frantic,
All in a fairy ring :
Books in the schoolroom pedantic
Soon will be burgeoning.

•

Dance, little pets, so beauteous,
All in a fairy ring :
Birds on the branches perched duteous
Soon will be clapping each wing.

Dance, little fays, in the meadow,
All in a fairy ring :
Soon in the sunshine and shadow
Lovelier flowers will spring.

Dance, little maids, so rosy,
All in a fairy ring :
Each beau to each belle, quite cosey,
Says some pretty, false thing !

THE SOULS THAT HAVE GONE.

THOSE souls to memory dear,
Do ne'er return again,
But in some blissful sphere
For aye, alas ! remain.

In those bright worlds above,
Of azure and of light,
Far, far from those they love,
Is theirs contentment quite ?

We had, with arbours round,
A dwelling near St. Leu.
How fair the flower-decked ground !
The sky above, how blue !

Amid the fallen leaves
We'd rove the forest o'er,
And oft on summer eves
Old ruined walls explore.

Our laughter was as gay
As rang through Eden's glade,
With something still to say
That had before been said.

We fairy tales reheard,
And happy were, God knows !
At sight of passing bird
Our joyous voices rose.

THE MOON.

I.

COUCHED 'mong the grass, with bright, grave brow,
Jeanne thought.

I came quite close ; " Jeanne, tell me, is there aught
You want ? " for I obey these charming dears,
Submissive slaves of all their smiles or tears,
Diviner of thoughts that pass through heads divine.
Jeanne answered me : " To see some beasts, I pine."
An ant just then appeared 'mong grasses tall ;
" Look, look ! " I cried. But Jeanne scarce looked at all :
" No, no ! the beasts are always big."

Their dream

Is grandeur. Ocean with his boundless stream
Allures them, cradled by the conquering might
Of waves and winds that roar in endless flight.
They need the wondrous, love the world's worst dread.
" I grieve no elephant's at hand," I said ;
" But is there nothing else which I can get ? "
With tiny finger skyward fixed, my pet
Cried, " That ! " — The calm hour 't was when daylight
dies,
And in hushed heaven I saw the full moon rise.

II.

You want the moon? Yes; draw it from the well, —
No, from the sky! Alack! all efforts fail.
'T is always thus. Dear little ones, you crave
A toy from heaven, so in void air I wave
My hands to catch fair Phœbe in her flight.
The blessed lot of grandsire once fell light
Upon my head and made a gentle crack.
Though fate such brilliant toys from me held back,
Towards you I feel he should be far more kind.
But come, let's reason. George and Jeanne, now mind!
God watches us, and being himself a true
Old grandpapa, he knows what one dare do,
And takes good care to be upon his guard.
A grand-dad loves his pets, and thinks it hard
All baby-orders he cannot obey:
So, lest a silly old man should have his way,
God takes the stars, not yet to cradles given,
And hangs them on the highest hooks of heaven.

III.

"What greedy little rascals!" mother cries,
"They long for all that meets their roving eyes;
Cakes, cherries, apples, — all must pleasure yield.

If they but hear a cow low in a field,
'Tis, 'Quick, some milk!' They raise banditti's cries
If bags of bon-bons look a likely prize,
And now they 'd have the moon!"

Why not? I hate

The pettiness of those miscalled the great,
And love, amazed, the grandeur of the small.
Ah, yes! an infant's soul expands for all.
I'm lost in thought before such greed as sees
Worlds shadow-girt, and stammers, "If you please!"
If it were mine to give, indeed, yon moon
Should in a moment be my pet's bright boon.

I know not what they 'd make of thee, 't is true,
But yet, O moon! I feel thou art their due.
Thy heaven where Swedenborg still travels on,
Thy vast abyss with all its mystery wan,
I would intrust unto the children's care.
That sombre sphere still spinning through frore air,
With jagged craters no loud storm assails,
With solitudes of shadow and death, with vales
Blissful as Edens or like hells accursed,
And awful mountain-vistas light-immersed,
Methinks yon little kneeling ones would make
A holier place of for the angels' sake;

In it they 'd place their love, their hope, their prayer,
And the vast, weird adventuress should bear
To God profound the thoughts of sweet, small hearts.
When the child slumbers, dream by dream departs
To holier realms than ours can ever reach.
A new child-faith unto the world I preach;
If little, fearless darlings set their love
On something sparkling bright in heaven above,
I feel they ought to have it. That a sphere
Should be ruled over by a child is clear.
Ev'n our demerit masters many things.
Oh, what a lesson to astonished kings,
Seeing a world by infant-hands controlled!
To little angels crowned with locks of gold,
To them who 'd blithely reign by love's sole sway,
I'd give vast worlds immersed in wondrous day;
Those, too, by darkling spirits blindly led, —
The enormous circle of the planets dread.
Why not? To them who have no thought of ill
The power is given to wield a world at will.
Yes, often when my thought gets free of earth,
Musing on innocent love's transcendent worth,
I deem there must be, in some heaven unknown,
Some angel grander than our dreams have shown,
Bidden by God, in some supreme sweet hour,
On souls of children gifts of stars to shower.

THE SPOIL-SPORT.

THE pretty girls are all in flight,
And, trembling, know not where to cower.
Blue-eyed as morn, black-eyed as night,
They danced a-near the old church tower.

One sang to keep the footing true :
The lads, with faces brightening
For joy o' the sound of dancing, flew,
Their caps a-flower with blooms of spring.

Laughing and flushed with summer glee,
They tripped beneath the steeple-clock.
"I love Jane!" quoth the old oak-tree ;
"Ah, Susan, I!" sighed the amorous rock.

But the black fiend o' the sombre tower
Yelled loud to them, "Wretches! Away!"
His harsh breath brake the sweet dance-bower,
Scattering the tiny feet from play.

Black eyes, blue eyes, all are fled ;
E'en as at dawn beneath the rain
A flock of birds plies wing o'erhead,
Of the fickle April sunshine fain.

And this fell rout hath made, alas !
The mighty wood-lords dumb with care ;
For maidens tripping on green grass
Make carol birds in the blue air.

"Who is this black man ?" murmur they.
No note is heard, for that harsh cry
Hath scared the pretty ones far away,
And farther yet bird-melody.

"Who is this black man ?" "I care not,"
A sparrow chirps, light-hearted thief.
They weep as dawn to weep has taught ;
But a white daisy whispereth :

"I am about to explain these things.
You mark not how the dull world goes ;
Butterflies love all blossomings,
But the owls love not even the rose !"

THE CONTENTED EXILE.

I.

THE solitude and silence tempt me forth
To desert places. There the soul is calm
And sternly satisfied ; one knows not there
What is that shadow which he shall illumine.
I go into the forests, seeking there
Vague awe ; the tangled thickness of the boughs
Informs me with a joy and terror dim,
And there I find oblivion akin
To that within the silence of the tomb.
But I am not extinguished ; one can be
A torch in darkness, and beneath the sky,
Beneath the sacred crypt, alone, remain
To shiver in the deep and windy breath
Of the empyrean. Naught is lost to man
For having sounded duty's depths obscure.
Who looks from high sees well : who looks from far
Sees rightly. Conscience knows a sacred faith
Is possible for her, and goes to high
And lonely places, there to shine and grow,

Remote from the forgetful, callous world.
And therefore I too go forth to the waste,
But do not quit the world which I forsake.

Because a dreamer comes, in forests' depths,
Or on the craggy cliffs, to sit and muse
In silence on the vastness of the night;
He does not isolate himself from earth
And earth's inhabitants. And think you not
That, having seen the throng of men, one needs
To flee beneath the thick and shady trees,
And that the thirst for truth, for peace, for right,
For justice, and for light, grows in the soul,
After so many false and lying things?
My brothers have forever all my heart;
And far from them in body, I am near
In spirit, looking at and judging fate;
And to complete the rough-hewn human soul,
I hold above the people, downward bent,
The urn of pity; ceaselessly I pour,
Yet constantly refill it. But I take
For cover the pine woods, with heavy shades.
Oh, I have seen the wretched crowds so near,
Have known the cries, the blows, the insults heaped
On venerable heads, and cowards grown

To power through civil broils, and judges fit
For others' judgment only, and vile priests
Serving God and defiling, preaching for
And witnessing against him, — I have seen
The want of beauty that our beauty shows ;
The evil in our good, and in our truth
The falsehood, and have watched mere nothingness,
Beneath the proud, triumphal arches pass ;
Ah, I have seen enough him who corrodes,
And him who flees, and him who yields, till now,
Old, spent, and conquered, I have this for joy, —
To dream in quietude in some dark spot.
There while I bleed, I muse ; and if perchance
A god should offer me youth, glory, love,
Strength, victory, would I return to towns,
Yet do I find it good to have a lair
Within the forests, for by no means sure
Am I that even then I would consent.

II.

What is this earth of ours ? — a storm of souls.
In this gloom where we wandering pilots reach
No shore but rocks, mistaking them for ports ;
Amid the tempest of desires, of cries,

Of transports, loves, vows, sorrows,—heaps of clouds ;
The fleeting kisses of those prostitutes
We call ambition, fortune, and success ;
Before the suffering Job's, "What do I know ?"
The trembling Pascal's, "What, then, do I think ?"
In this preposterous and fierce expense
Of popes, of kings, of Cæsars, Satan-made ;
In presence of the fate which turns and turns
His capstan, from which ever flow — and hence
The terror of the poor philosophers —
The same waves and the same catastrophes ;
In this corroding nothingness, and false
And lying chaos, what at last man sees
Clearly is this: Above our sorrows, falls,
And failures due, the reign of innocence,
And sovereignty of innocent things and pure.
Being given the human heart, the human mind,
Our yesterday in gloom, our morrow dark,
All the disasters, all the hatreds, wars,
Our progress checked by heavy, dragging chains ;
All round us, even among the best, remorse,
And all the throng of living things o'erwhelmed
By winds, which blow from out the skies in tears, —
In truth, 't is salutary for the mind
And good, among the interwoven boughs,

So many and so black, to contemplate
Sometimes, athwart the ills which seem to spread
Betwixt the heavens and us like veils, a peace
Deep and profound and made of shining stars.
It is of this God thought, what time he placed
The poets near the cradles made for sleep.

LES CHANSONS DES RUES ET
DES BOIS.

LES CHANSONS DES RUES ET DES BOIS.

LOVE OF THE WOODLAND.

ORPHEUS, in Cayster's tangled
Woodways, 'neath the stars' pale light,
Listened laughters weird and jangled
Of the viewless ones of night.

Phtas, the Theban sibyl, dreaming
Nigh the hushed Phygalian heights,
Saw on far horizon streaming
Ebon forms 'mong silvery lights.

Æschylus, soft hazes threading
Of sweet Sicily, soul-subdued,
Wandered beneath moonbeams shedding
Mellow flute-notes through the wood.

Pliny, lo! — high thoughts denying
For Miletus' nymphs most fair, —
Dainty rosy limbs espying,
Begg a boon on the amorous air.

Plautus, nigh Viterbo, straying
Through the orchard-bowers sun-bright,
In each palm gold fruit is weighing
Such as gods rejoiced to bite.

Ah, Versailles! Haunt most delightful!
Faunus there, one foot i' the wave,
While Boileau waxed shrill and spiteful,
Golden rhymes to Molière gave.

Dante, sombre-souled, abiding
Scatheless in the deepest hell,
Turned to watch fair women gliding
Thro' the boughs 'neath eve's calm spell.

Chénier, under willows sleeping,
Saw in dream a vision sweet, —
Lovely lasses laughing, weeping,
For whom Virgil's heart quick-beat.

Shakespeare, watching 'neath the lazy
Branches of the forest lord,
Heard, while blushed each meadow-daisy,
Fairy-trippings o'er green sward.

O deep woodlands, soul-entrancing,
Haunted yet by gods are ye!
Yet the goat-foot Satyr's dancing
To Pan's rustic melody!

BABY'S SLEEP AT DAWN.

F^AINT smiles the humble little room ;
On an old chest some roses blush :
Beholding here dissolve night's gloom,
Priests had said, "Peace !" and women, "Hush !"

Yonder what small recess is seen,
Whereto the tenderest radiance creeps ?
O more than angel-guard serene !
Aurora watches : baby sleeps.

Deep in that nook a tiny thing
Lies lulled within a cradle white,
Amid the shadow quivering
Heaven only knows with what delight.

Lo, in her dimpled hand tight-pressed
She holds a toy, sweet source of mirth !
Cherubs in heaven with palms are blessed,
Babies with rattles upon earth.

What sleep is hers! Ah, who dare say
What dreams make *such* smiles come and go?
Haply she sees some bright dawn-way,
With angels passing to and fro.

Her rosy arm moves momentarily
As if to wave some sweet adieu;
Gentle her breathing as may be
A butterfly's amid the blue.

Aurora's loath to chase those dreams:
Naught's so august, so pure, so mild,
As this bright eye of God that beams
Upon the closed eyes of a child.

LION'S SLEEP AT NOON.

DEEP in his cave the lion rests ;
Enthralled by that prodigious slumber
The sultry midday sun invests
With fiery visions without number.

The deserts list awhile with dread,
Then freelier breathe : their tyrant's home ;
For the lone tracts quake 'neath his tread
What time this mighty one doth roam.

His hot breath heaves his tawny hide ;
In darkness steeped is his red eye ;
Deep in the cavern, on his side
He sleeps, outstretchèd formidably.

Sleep lulls to rest his sateless rage ;
He dreams, oblivious of all wrong,
With calm brow that denotes the sage,
With dread fangs that bespeak the strong.

The wells are drunk by noontide's drouth ;
Of naught but slumber is he fain.
Like a cavern is his huge mouth,
And like a forest his ruddy mane.

He scans vast craggy heights difform,
Ossa or Pelion scales with might,
Amid those darkling dreams enorme
Wherein but lions take delight.

Upon the bare rock naught is heard
Where lordly feet are wont to stray.
If now one heavy paw were stirred,
What myriad flies would flit away !

NOT A WHIT NOW DO I CARE.

NOT a whit now do I care
For the belfry or the steeple ;
If the queen be dark or fair,
King rule well or ill his people ;

None more ignorant, I own,
If the lord be proud or meek,
If the parish parson drone
Doggrel Latin or good Greek ;

If 't be time for dance or weeping,
Nests be empty or brimmed above ;
Other cares keep me from sleeping, —
I am head o'er heels in love.

Listen, Jane, my troublous dream !
'T is thy tiny foot so white
Tripping o'er the happy stream,
Light as bird in hovering flight.

Listen, Jane, my dreadful pain !

'T is that thus through sun and shower
An unseen, resistless chain
Draws me aye to thy bright bower.

Listen, Jane, my source of sorrow !

'T is that thy rare smiles alway,
Beaming brightlier from to-morrow,
Lure me from the bright to-day.

Listen, Jane, my source of pleasure !

Thy skirt's smallest flower I prize, —
A far richer, sweeter treasure
Than all stars that deck the skies.

AS WE ATE THE CHERRIES RARE.

AS we ate the cherries rare
Cried aloud my maiden true,
"Sweetmeats would be better far!
Wearisome is thy St. Cloud!

"We're thirsty, but instead of drink
We've only cherries; just look here,
How fine! My mouth is black as ink,
And all my fingers blue! Oh, dear!"

An hundred other things she said,
And struck me with her dainty hand.
Oh, month of June! Oh, roses red!
The blue sky sings, while rests the land.

I let her chide, and lovingly,
That nothing she might take amiss,
I pressed the hand that punished me,
And gave those crimson lips a kiss!



THIS LOVELY SPOT.

THIS lovely spot you make complete.
This wood that so secluded seems,
Seems to have made its violets sweet
With your eyes' innocent tears and beams.

Dawn hath your rosy flush of youth ;
O Jane ! you prove the happy part,
That in all Nature's beauty and truth
Hath all year long a truthful heart.

Now all its gifts this vale hath spread
For only you, in humble wise ;
There is a halo round your head
Converts each path to paradise,

While every timid woodland thing
With wondering gaze draws nigh to you,
Knowing that if you smile or sing
'T is angel-sweet and angel-true.

O Jane ! you are so sweet, so dear,
That when you rove these wood-ways blest,
Betwixt green tremulous leaflets peer
Small downy heads from mossy nest !



TO ROSITA.

SO, you won't love, you naughty thing,
And all the spring is dismal made ;
Hear you not how the bird doth sing
In the deep forest's pleasant shade.

If love be missing, Eden dies ;
For beauty springs from love alone.
Blue when the sun doth shine, the skies
Are blackened o'er if he be gone.

Faded and lost your charms will prove,
If you such foolishness prolong.
The bird sings that we ought to love,
And he can sing no other song.

EXTRACT FROM "FALLING STARS."

L OVERS twain beneath the night
Dream, a young and happy pair ;
Through the sky-space infinite
Suns are seeded everywhere

Athwart th' heav'n's loud-sounding dome,
While from night's extremest way
Showers of sparkling dawn-dust roam, —
Stars that pass and fade away.

Heaps of falling stars are shed
Through the vast, dark zenith high ;
Kindled ash, which censers spread,
Incense of infinity.

And beneath, which dews bedew,
Showing pinks and violets shy,
Yellow primrose, pansy blue,
Lilies, glory of July.

By the cool mist nearly drowned,
Lies the meadow far away,
Girded by the forest round,
Shivering, so that one would say,

That the earth, 'neath veil of showers
Which the tear-wet forest sheds,
Wide its apron, decked with flowers,
To receive the stars outspreads.

ORDER OF DAY FOR FLOREAL.

VICTORY, friends ! I give wing
In haste, in the full-breathed morn,
To strophes that gleefully sing
The night by the light o'erborne.

I blow a blast on the hills, —
A blast of rapturous might :
Know all, that the fair spring fills
With lilies the footprints of night.

Jane slippers her soft white feet, —
Her feet that no longer are frail.
Lo, how the sun's pulses beat,
Fulfilling yon heaven's blue vale !

The plumed birds sing, lambs bleat ;
May, mocking with cries night-powers,
Puts winter in full retreat
With a mitrailleuse of flowers.

BY SILENCE SHE THE BATTLE WON.

BY silence she the battle won ;
Thence did my passion for her spring.
My heart at first perceived alone
A scarce felt fluttering of the wing.

Together in the wood we drove,
Each eve, far distant from the throng ;
We talked, and other voices strove,
Filling the forest with their song.

Her eyes were full of mystery, —
Her dove-like, wondrous eyes, which have
The depth unfathomed of the sky,
The dawn as of the silent grave.

Still not a word did she bestow,
Silent and pensive, on we roll —
When, all at once, I felt the blow,
And a winged arrow pierced my soul.

Ah, what is love? No wisdom tells.
The silent maid who only smiles
The cavern is, where hidden dwells
The little archer full of wiles.

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

THE battle commences
With flash of a smile.
"Please post me your portrait,
And something to while
The time away, doleful
With you gone — or rue it!"
"A letter of love?" "No!
A poem will do it."

I dared a refusal —
(*I write to command! —*
Although she were worthy
Of true poet hand.)
And smile fled completely
'Neath cold and proud glances
That chilled my mouth, mocking,
That hummed Gungl's dances.

When nearing her window —

I guarded it oft ! —

I heard her voice waking

The echoes, more soft

Than Eve's in her Eden ;

Delighted, I swooned dead !

O cruellest creature

To *finish your wounded !*

TO A FRIEND.

ON the dread cliffs which storms infest,
Walls which the waves dash in between,
A gloomy rock, there blooms at rest
A charming meadow, small and green.

Since, friend, you lend me, where I dwell,
Your house, remote from human-kind,
'Twixt the two joys I love so well, —
The giant waves, the mighty wind, —

All thanks, and hail! If fortune frowns
Or smiles, perchance this age of ours
Is like the seaweed 'neath the downs,
Directed by abysmal powers.

Our souls are like the drifted clouds, —
Winds, fair or foul, direct their flight;
Hurried in disconnected crowds,
They travel towards the Infinite.

This human turmoil, vast and vain
Of which our reason is the star,
Takes, leaves, deserts, brings back again
Within the horizon, Hope afar !

This sea, tumultuous, fierce, and vast,
Which trembles sore, and wounds the age,
Foams, threatens, and at times will cast
My name amid its cries of rage.

Hatreds about me cling and swarm ;
My thought — this noise would vainly fright —
Is like the bird who braves the storm,
Amid the birds that haunt the night.

And while your fields I cultivate,
Just as you wish, with loving care,
The press, with much invective hate,
Gnashes, and tugs me by the hair.

Their diatribes are fierce and sharp ;
I 'm ass and rogue, and this and that ;
Now I am Pradon for La Harpe,
Then for De Maistre I seem Marat !

What matters? Hearts are drunk, but man,
Sobered, in times to come will still
Do with my books whate'er they can,
And do with me — whate'er they will.

But I for joy and wonder see,
In Honfleur meads your bounty lends,
How burdened by the yellow bee,
The lavender's sweet blossom bends.

DURING AN ILLNESS.

THEY tell me I am very ill :
Friend, see my eyes look dead and wan ;
The sinister embrace I feel
Of the eternal skeleton.

I rise, but seek again my berth ;
For rest, I feel as if I had
Already in my throat the earth,
And scent of graveyard, foul and bad.

Like sail that to the port would 'scape,
I shiver, and my steps are slow ;
And, icy cold, a corpse-like shape,
Ghastly, is seen the streets between.

The power to warm my hands is past ;
Like snow my flesh dissolves away ;
Upon my brow I feel the blast
Of what dread thing, I cannot say.

Is it the wind from shades obscure, —
That wind which passed o'er Jesus' soul?
Is 't the great naught of epicure?
Or is 't Spinosa's mighty whole?

The doctor goes — no hope he brings;
Low whisper whosoe'er is near.
All sinks and sways; e'en lifeless things
Assume an attitude of fear.

"He's lost!" I hear them murmur nigh.
My body vacillates; I feel
The helpless, broken armoury
Of mind and senses fail and reel.

That moment — infinite, supreme —
From out the darkness meets my eye;
A pale, vague sun, as in a dream,
Through the wan heavens seems to rise.

That moment, whether false or true,
Now raises its mysterious front;
Think not I tremble at the view, —
To watch such secrets is my wont.

My soul transformed, as sight dilates,
My reason seeks the Godhead veiled ;
At last I touch the eternal gates,
And night is by my keys assailed.

To God, the sexton digs our way :
To die is but to learn aright.
“ Old labourer ! ” to Death I say,
“ I come to see the hidden sight.”

ANGRY ROSA.

A QUARREL? Why this scolding, pray?
Good heavens! because they're lovers still.
Sweet words had scarcely died away
When quickly followed words of ill.

Each heart depends on its own cord;
The sky's o'ercast, the sunbeams flee.
Love's like the air, — a foolish word
Brings rain when lovers disagree.

'T is as when roving through the glade,
Whose leaves are gilt by sunny June,
We wander fearless in the shade,
Knowing the sun will shine forth soon.

Though darkness may our steps o'ershroud,
And fierce and bitter blows the blast,
Yet silver lining sheens each cloud,
And soon the storm is overpast.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

FOR centuries past this war-madness
Has laid hold of each combative race,
While our God takes but heed of the flower,
And that sun, moon, and stars keep their place.

The sight of the heavens above us,
The bird's nest and lily-like snow,
Drive not from the brain of us mortals
The war-thirst, with its feverish glow.

We love but the field with its carnage,
And the strife which turns earth into hell :
And eager for glory, the people
Would not change the fierce drum for church-bell.

The vain aspirations of glory,
With banners and cars of bright gold,
Draw tears from the widows and orphans,
As often has happened of old.

Our natures have changed to brute fierceness;
 "Forward! — die!" bursts from each angry throat,
While our lips seem to mimic the music
 Of the echoing war-trumpet's note.

Steel flashes, the bivouacs are smoking,
 As with pale brows we eagerly run.
The thoughtful are driven to madness
 By the flash and the roar of the gun.

Our lives are but spent for the glory
 Of the kings who smile over our grave,
And build up a fabric of friendship
 With cement from the blood of the brave;

While the beasts of the field and the vultures
 Come in search of their banquet of hell,
And they strip the red flesh from the bodies
 That lie stiff and stark where they fell.

Each man's hand is raised 'gainst his neighbour,
 While he strives all his wrath to excite,
And trades on our natural weakness
 To inveigle us into the fight.

"A Russian! Quick! cut down the villain!
Put your sword through that murderous Croat!
How dare they from our men to differ,
Or venture to wear a white coat!"

"I slay fellow-creatures, and go on
My life's path. What glory like mine?
Their crime is most black and most heinous, —
They live on the right of the Rhine."

"For Rosbach and Waterloo, vengeance!"
The cry maddens the heart and the brain;
Men long for the fierce glow of battle
And the blood that is poured forth like rain.

In peace we could drink from the fountains,
Or calmly repose in the shade,
But our brethren in battle to slaughter
Is a pleasure which never will fade.

The lust for blood-spilling incites us
To rush madly o'er valleys and plains;
The vanquished are crying in terror,
And are clasping our swift horses' manes.

And yet I ask sometimes in wonder,
As I wander the meadows among,
Can brother for brother feel hatred
As he hears the lark's musical song?



FROM WOMAN TO HEAVEN.

THE storehouse of the souls is vast;
At first we're charmed, and then at last
Convinced. Two worlds, they stand apart:
The last the mind, the first the heart.

To love, to understand: the heart
Stops at the first, like birds that dart
Through lowly valleys, but the soul
Flies upward to the higher goal.

The lover takes th' archangel's place.
A kiss, and then all Nature's face
Is instant changed from gloom of night
To dazzling palace of delight.

Let love pervade the whole earth through,
Even to the sprig bedecked with dew
That fallen lies ; for, wondrous thing !
It forms a nest when comes the spring.

Draw back the veil, and let us see
That blessed nest on woodland tree.
And that nest will become a light
In forest of the infinite.



Dessine par Aimé Perrot

Photographie Goupil & Co

LES FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE.

LES FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE.

THE WATCHING ANGEL.

IN the dusky nook,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed.
Softly he reposes ;
And his lid of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairyland.
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand ;
Suns are flaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In each charming hand.

Oh, enchanting vision !

Lo ! a rill up-springs,
And from out its bosom

Comes a voice that sings.

Lovelier there appear

Sire and sisters dear,

While his mother near

Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision

Yet his eyes behold :

Roses pied and lilies

Every path enfold ;

Lakes delicious sleeping,

Silver fishes leaping,

Through the wavelets creeping

Up to reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,

Slumber peacefully ;

Thy young soul yet knows not

What thy lot may be.

Like dead weeds that sweep

O'er the dol'rous deep,

Thou art borne in sleep.

What is all to thee ?

Thou canst slumber by the way ;
Thou hast learnt to borrow
Naught from study, naught from care.
The cold hand of sorrow
On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
Where young truth and candour sit,
Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
That sad word, "To-morrow!"

Innocent! thou sleepest.
See the angelic band,
Who foreknow the trials
That for man are planned ;
Seeing him unarmed,
Unfearing, unalarmed,
With their tears have warmed
This unconscious hand.

Still they, hovering o'er him,
Kiss him where he lies.
Hark! he sees them weeping ;
"Gabriel!" he cries.
"Hush!" the angel says ;
On his lip he lays
One finger, one displays
His native skies.

A DAY ON MOUNT ATLAS.

ONCE to Mount Atlas, said the jealous hills :
“ See our fresh lawns, green meadows, gentle rills,
On whose soft bank young maidens wander free,
And sing and laugh, and dream of what may be.
Our feet doth ocean kiss, threatening no harm —
That savage ocean ! — and our summit calm
On which the summer’s flame and dewy showers
Makes burst in fragrant bloom, a crown of flowers.

“ But thou, grim giant ! why o’er thy bald head
Do eagles ever soar, with eyes of dread ?
Why, like a branch where builds the bird her nest,
Curve thy huge shoulders, and thy granite crest ?
Why fill thy sides abysses, dark in shade,
Where lightnings ever strike, and storms invade ?
Who placed such snows upon thy wrinkled brow, —
That brow, which Spring’s sweet smile does ne’er allow ?
Why drowned in sweat ? Thy back why bent and
curled ? ”

Atlas replied, “ ’Tis I bear up the world.”

THE LOVE-DAWN.

LADY, such spirit of sense is yours to entrance
Men's souls; your song's so sweet, and, when
 you dance,
Hearts so for bliss beat higher;
So lovely is the light no summer skies
Contain, the dew of pity in your deep eyes,
Of love the sunnier fire, —

That when you deign, young star than heaven's more
 bright,
To lighten with one glorious smile the night
 Whose shadow round us clingeth,
As in the forest dark the bird ere morn,
A tender thought, in bowers yet darker born,
Trembles, till blithely it singeth.

Too holy art thou, too heavenly sweet to hear it;
An angel-woven veil enfolds thy spirit,
 Love soon shall draw apart;
And then, as now, the angel watching thee
Will smile Love's rosy blush of dawn to see
 In the pure heaven, thy heart!

SUNSET.

THE sun set this evening in masses of cloud ;
The storm comes to-morrow, then calm be the
night,
Then the Dawn in her chariot refulgent and proud,
Then more nights, and still days, steps of Time in
his flight.
The days shall pass rapid as swifts on the wing,
O'er the face of the hills, o'er the face of the seas,
O'er streamlets of silver, and forests that ring
With a dirge for the dead, chanted low by the
breeze ;
The face of the waters, the brow of the mounts
Deep scarred but not shrivelled, and woods tufted
green,
Their youth shall renew ; and the rocks to the founts
Shall yield what these yielded to ocean their queen.
But day by day bending still lower my head,
Still chilled in the sunlight, soon I shall have cast,
At height of the banquet, my lot with the dead,
Unmissed by creation aye joyous and vast.

INFANTILE INFLUENCE.

THE child comes toddling in, and young and old
With smiling eyes its smiling eyes behold,
And artless babyish joy.
A playful welcome greets it through the room ;
The saddest brow unfolds its wrinkled gloom,
To greet the happy boy.

If June with flowers has spangled all the ground,
Or winter bleak the flickering hearth around
Draws close the circling seat,
The child still sheds a never-failing light.
We call ; mamma with mingled joy and fright
Watches its tottering feet.

Perhaps at eve as round the fire we draw,
We speak of heaven, or poetry, or law,
Or politics, or prayer ;
The child comes in, 't is now all smiles and play,
Farewell to grave discourse and poet's lay,
Philosophy and care.

When fancy wakes, but sense in heaviest sleep
Lies steeped, and like the sobs of them that weep
 The dark stream sinks and swells,
The dawn, like Pharos gleaming o'er the sea,
Bursts forth, and sudden wakes the minstrelsy
 Of birds and chiming bells;

Thou art my dawn; my soul is as the field,
Where sweetest flowers their balmy perfumes yield
 When breathed upon by thee,
Or forest, where thy voice like zephyr plays;
And morn pours out its flood of golden rays,
 When thy sweet smile I see.

Oh, sweetest eyes, like founts of liquid blue;
And little hands that evil never knew,
 Pure as the new-formed snow;
Thy feet are still unstained by this world's mire,
Thy golden locks like aureole of fire
 Circle thy cherub brow!

Dove of our ark, thine angel spirit flies
On azure wings forth from thy beaming eyes.
 Though weak thine infant feet,

What strange amaze this new and strange world gives
To thy sweet virgin soul, that spotless lives
In virgin body sweet.

Oh, gentle face, radiant with happy smile,
And eager prattling tongue that knows no guile,
Quick changing tears and bliss;
Thy soul expands to catch this new world's light,
Thy mazèd eyes to drink each wondrous sight,
Thy lips to taste the kiss.

O God! bless me and mine, and these I love,
And e'en my foes that still triumphant prove
Victors by force or guile;
A flowerless summer may we never see,
Or nest of bird bereft, or hive of bee,
Or home of infant's smile.

DICTATED BEFORE THE RHONE GLACIER.

WHEN my mind, on the ocean of poesy hurled,
Floats on in repose round this wonderful world,
Oft the sacred fire from heaven —
Mysterious sun that gives light to the soul —
Strikes mine with its ray, and above the pole
Its upward course is driven,

Like a wandering cloud, then, my eager thought
Capriciously flies, to no guidance brought,
With every quarter's wind ;
It regards from those radiant vaults on high
Earth's cities below, and again doth fly,
And leaves but its shadow behind.

In the glistening gold of the morning bright
It shines, detaching some lance of light,
Or as warrior's armour rings ;
It forages forests that ferment around,
Or bathed in the sun-red gleams is found,
Where the west its radiance flings.

Or, on mountain peak that rears its head
Where snow-clad Alps around are spread,
 By furious gale 't is thrown.
From the yawning abyss see the cloud scud away,
And the glacier appears, with its multiform ray,
 The giant mountain's crown !

Like Parnassian pinnacle yet to be scaled,
In its form from afar, by the aspirant hailed.
 On its side the rainbow plays ;
And at eve, when the shadow sinks sleeping below,
The last slanting ray on its crest of snow
 Makes its cap like a crater to blaze.

In the darkness its front seems some pale orb of light ;
The chamois with fear flashes on in its flight,
 The eagle afar is driven ;
The deluge but roars in despair to its feet,
And scarce dare the eye its aspect to meet,
 So near doth it rise to heaven.

Alone on these altitudes, feeling no fear,
Forgetful of earth, my spirit draws near,
 On the starry vault to gaze,

And nearer, to gaze on those glories of night,
On th' horizon high heaving, like arches of light,
Till again the sun shall blaze ;

For then will the glacier with glory be graced,
On its prisms will light streaked with darkness be
placed,

The morn its echoes greet ;
Like a torrent it falls on the ocean of life,
Like chaos unformed, with the sea-stormy strife,
When waters on waters meet.

As the spirit of poesy touches my thought,
It is thus my ideas in a circle are brought,
From earth, with the waters of pain.
As under a sunbeam a cloud ascends,
These fly to the heavens ; their course never ends,
But descend to the ocean again.

RELEASED.

WHAT time dull books have drowsed my mind at
even,

What time my room's hot air's nigh stifling grown,
What time the town's monotonous hum hath striven
All day to hush all spirit of song with moan,

What time the countless cares of toil or pleasure
Which make the narrow circle of our days,
Have touched once more, at length, their utmost
measure,
Until to-morrow's dawn renew their race, —

No moment my poor soul, released, delayeth ;
But, as a bird might flutter to its nest
After long capture, blithely so it strayeth,
Though wingless, weak, on yet diviner quest.

To the woods it hies, and there, deep in the gloaming,
Just thrilled with the moon's first melodies and rays,
Finds Reverie, loved comrade of its roaming
Through what delightful fairy-haunted ways !

SONGS OF YOUTH.

ERE yet my youthful songs beloved,
Tender and true, keen pangs had proved
Of the base world's ingratitude,
Far from the bitter blasts of reason,
How bloomed they in how bright a season
With sweetest scents and rays endued !

From singing branches of life's tree,
With a weird ghostly melody,
Now, ere wild winter's come, they're riven.
East, south, north, west, they're whirled and scattered ;
Each petal pure with mud bespattered,
By wind or water drowned or driven.

Whilst I, whose brow, methought, should be
With leaf and bloom perpetually
Adorned, watch their wild dance i' the air ;
Till, lo ! I'm turned from looking after,
Hearing the dull world's mocking laughter
Around the sighing branches bare !

THE POET'S LOVE FOR LIVELINESS.

FOR me, whate'er my life and lot may show, —
Years blank with gloom or cheered by mem'ry's
glow,

Turmoil or peace, — ne'er be it mine, I pray,
To be a dweller of the peopled earth,
Save 'neath a roof alive with children's mirth,
Loud through the livelong day.

So, if my hap it be to see once more
Those scenes my footsteps tottered in before,
An infant follower in Napoleon's train, —
Rodrigo's holds, Valencia and Leon,
And both Castiles and mated Aragon, —
Ne'er be it mine, O Spain !

To pass thy plains with cities scant between,
Thy stately arches flung o'er deep ravine,
Thy palaces of Moor's or Roman's time,
Or the swift snakings of thy Guadalquivir,
Save in those gilded cars, where bells forever
Ring their melodious chime.

DEAD LEAVES.

BEFORE the songs I joy in singing,
So young, such wafts of perfume bringing,
Endured the brunt the world allows, —
Far from the world and all its crushing,
Ah, how they bloomed a garland blushing,
How green and fragrant on my brows !
Now torn from off the tree that beareth,
Flowers which the blighting north wind teareth
(Like a dream's leavings pitiable),
They wander, scattered hither and thither,
In dustiness and mud to wither,
At the winds' and the waters' will.
And like the dead leaves in autumn showered,
I see them of their bloom deflowered,
Blown all along the barren lea ;
The while a crowd that presses round me,
And treads to earth the wreath that crowned me,
Goes laughing at the naked tree.

PAN.

IF one tell you that art and art's crown, poesy,
Is a honeyed stream, sweet to satiety,
An empty rumour brief years outblot,
A gilded toy of a room of gilt,
Or a babel of rhymes by man's breath vain-built, —
Oh, believe it not!

O sacred singers, spirit-shaken, most high,
Go forth! pour your souls on vast summits the sky
But embraceth, whose snows are scarce stirred by
the wind;
On deserts all-still where the faint heart drinks song,
On woods wind-swept with the wild leaf-throng,
On slumberous lakes in the valleys reclined.

Everywhere holy nature is bounteous and fair;
Where warm grass thickens and flocks repair,
Where the love-sick kid browses cistus in flower,
Where sings the shepherd the bird only hears,
Where the night-breeze smites the mute rock all in
tears
With the cascade-shower;

Everywhere bird-plumage or fleece-flake may fly,
Be it ocean or plain that they winnow by ;
'Mong the old-world branches of forests hoar,
Sterile islands, lone lakes whose dull water scarce laves
Wan shores, great mountains, seas, snow, sand or
waves,
Meadows, — all regions that hear the wind roar ;

Everywhere that the sunset spreads broader oak-shades,
Everywhere gentle hills entwine dimly soft braids,
Everywhere the fields laugh with bright harvest,
glad throngs,
Everywhere a fruit drops from a summer-spent bough,
Everywhere a blithe bird to sip dew stoopeth low, —
Go, gaze, chant your songs !

Go forth to the forests, go forth to the vales,
Shower broadly a torrent of song that ne'er fails !
Search keenly through Nature, disclosed to your sight
(Be it winter that saddens or summer that sings),
The God-Word unheard save in low murmurings :
Listen what saith in the sky the sword-light !

'Tis God fulfils all : by him all things are proved ;
The world is his fane, and each spirit is moved
To behold and adore him, th' eternal, the One !

In his whole creation a joy, a smile lives, —
In the star which takes light from, the flow'ret which
 gives
Sweet scent to, his sun.

Drink deeply of all! O poets, drink deep!
Of the meads, of the brooks, of faint leaves that ne'er
 sleep,
Of the traveller unseen whose clear voice thrills the
 night,
Of the tender first blooms their wan mother scarce
 knows,
Of vast waters, the air, of still woods whose repose
Is broken with rumbling of wheels in dull flight.

Ye brothers of eagles, love the eagles' haunt!
And most when the tempest his war-song doth chant,
 That grows louder as ever it sweepeth more near,
The horizon up-piling with black brooding clouds
And bending tall trees, till the shuddering crowds
 Down dark depths seem to peer.

Contemplate the morning's serenity bright
When the mist in the valley in shreds taketh flight;
 When the sun, which the forest hath yet half in hold,

Showing half in the heavens his sloping fire-sphere,
Waxes larger, as in the far east doth appear,
As one journeys, a cupola dazzling with gold.

Drink deep of the even ! At the solemn hour
When the sweet silent landscape seems slowly to cower,
Flower-wise to unfold, — roads, valleys, and streams ;
When the mountain, with brow to the heaven upraised,
Seems a prostrate giant on elbow raised
While he gazes and dreams.

If ye have in you, poets, alive and afire
A world of most ardent and inner desire,
Of images, thoughts, of raptures, love, light, —
To renew this fair world exchange life which ne'er dies
With the visible world which around you all lies,
Blend the might of your soul with the vast world-
might!

For, O sacred bards ! art is heaven's own voice,
Profoundly sweet, bidding sorrow rejoice,
As fluctuant as waves when a breeze is abroad,
By an echo retold through each spirit, each thing,
Which Nature breathes forth 'neath your hands thun-
dering
On this harp, touched of God.

WHAT CARES MY HEART.

WHAT cares my heart about these births of kings,
These victories, whose fame together brings
Bell-peals and cannon's roar,
Which prayers with pompous ceremonial make,
And where by night, in cities kept awake,
The star-like rockets soar?

Elsewhere direct your eyes to God alone!
In all below man's vanity is shown;
Fame flees, and ne'er can rest;
Gold crowns and mitres shine, but quickly pass,
And are not worth God's gift, — one blade of grass,
Made for the linnet's nest.

Pomp, howe'er grand, is naught but vanity;
The bomb-shell sooner strikes the column high
Than cotes which pigeons have.
Confirmed to God, by death alone, are kings.
Always a cross from their crown's summit springs;
Their tombs His temple pave.

What ! our high towers, our gorgeous palaces,
Mahomet, Napoleon, Cæsar, Pericles, —
Time all that is destroys !
Mysterious gulf, at which the spirit quails ;
Deep silence just beneath the earth prevails,
The surface full of noise.



THE PATIENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

HOW often have the people said : “What’s power ?
Who reigns soon is dethroned ” ! Each fleeting
hour

Has onward borne, as in a fevered dream,
Such quick reverses. Like a judge supreme,
Austere but just, they contemplate the end
To which the current of events must tend.
Self-confidence has taught them to forbear,
And in the vastness of their strength they spare.
Armed with impunity, — for *one* in vain
Resists a *nation*, — they let others reign.

TEARS IN SOLITUDE.

O H, why in solitude art fain to weep?
From dreamy eyes what bids the bright drops
keep

Falling, what shadow of soul?
Regret for the dear, dead past, or some dark fear
Of what the future bringeth is 't that here
Hath o'er thy tears control?

Love with his charms already seest thou fleet?
Life's bright illusions, all those sisters sweet
Who, ere dawn well awaken,
From out our gates, in springtide's loveliest hour,
Dance hand-in-hand, flower-crowned; but ere night
lower,
Drop dead by the way, forsaken?

Or doth some shadowy form, of old loved well,
From out the quiet grave steal forth to tell
How few life's fleeting hours,
Bidding thee mark, when thou in tears dost pray
Before some lonely cross at death of day,
How sere the votive flowers?

But nay ! for these things scarce thy tears could flow.

Most bitterly to weep one needs but know

Earth's dark 'neath sombre heaven ;

That the soul fain would fly, and hath not wings ;

That hope 's as false as fair ; life's sweetest things

But to be lost are given !

Ever, when bathed in sunbeams we behold

Bright flitting pinions, purple, sapphire, gold,

In chase our hearts beat higher ;

But unto gaily-glittering wing " Good-bye,"

What time the child hath caught the butterfly,

Fond man his soul's desire !

Weep, for thy sobs wake sweeter melodies

Than merriest laughter, and those tender eyes

Beam bright for pity's dew.

In summer, after showers green fields are fairer,

While to a sun more glorious heaven doth bare her

Most radiant spirit of blue.

As Rachel, or as Sarah, weep ; for, lo !

Tender as theirs thy heart, and tears o'erflow,

Thou knowing sorrow as they.

God weeps with them that weep for others' woes,
Regarding with more love and pity those
That mourn than those that pray.

Weep also that thy spirit be made strong.
Tears often, after bitterness and wrong,
Our shattered strengths renew;
Often the soul, that feels through pain's dark night
Hope's gently gleaming dawn, for dear delight
Pours forth its thanks in dew.

Weep; but as now thou dost, in solitude.
Build thee a bower for grief, where dare intrude
None, in thine heart of heart.
Though on the world thou scatt'rest smiles all day,
The richest fountain of thy soul alway
Springs sweetliest thus, apart.

The flower, which wakens bathed in dawn's bright dew,
What time the glowing smiles of noontide woo,
Gold petals doth unfurl;
But 'neath their glory, all day, from loveless eyes
Deep in its chalice brimmed with odorous sighs,
Hides oft one liquid pearl!

FROM "PRAYER FOR ALL"

I.

MY daughter, go and pray : the night draws near,
Through clouds a golden planet doth appear,
The outline of the hills now fades away,
In shade the wagon scarce seems moving. Hark !
All things seek rest ; trees that the roadway mark,
Stirred by the wind, shake off the dust of day.

Twilight, that opes the curtains of the night,
Makes sparkle every star with ardent light ;
The west contracts its fringe of crimson glow ;
Night silvers o'er the water steeped in shade ;
Furrows, paths, bushes, all commix and fade :
The traveller hesitates which way to go.

Day is for evil, hate, fatigue, and harm.
Pray ! Night is come, — Night that is grave and calm.
Old herdsmen, blasts that through torn turrets rove,
The lakes, the flocks, with shrill discordant call,
All suffer, all complain in nature, all
Have need of sleep, have need of prayer and love.

Children with angels at this hour renew
Sweet speech, while we our strange delights pursue ;
 All little children, eyes upraised to heaven,
Kneeling upon the floor, hands clasped, feet bare,
At the same hour, and in the self-same prayer,
 Ask the all-father we may be forgiven.

And next they sleep ; then in their dim recess
Bright golden dreams, swarms eager, numberless,
 Born when day's tumults yield at last to night,
Seeing from far their breath, each rosy lip,
As bees their quest pursue sweet flowers to sip,
 Shall settle on their curtains pure and white.

Sleep of the cradle ! prayer of infancy !
Voice which age fondles, — never brings a sigh ;
 Sweet piety, that joy and laughter steep,
Prelude of nightly songs the angels bring.
As the bird hides its head beneath its wing,
 The child in prayer puts its young soul to sleep.

II.

My daughter, go and pray ! and for her first,
Who oft has rocked thee long nights through and
 nursed ;

Whose gift thou wast from heaven, that gives us all;
Who gave thee birth, and reared with tenderest
 care,
And making of this life a double share,
 Gave thee the honey, drank herself the gall.

Next, pray for me; I need it more than she,
Who, good, true, faithful, has aye been like thee.
 She has the guileless heart that brings repose,
Her pity large, envy ne'er stained her life;
Wise, gentle, kind, her days devoid of strife,
 She suffers wrong, yet knows not whence it flows.

But I life better know, and much can say,
When you have grown, and reached instruction's day,
 That empire to pursue, and art, and fame,
Is worthless folly, and that fortune's urn
Oft stead of glory doth disgrace return,
 And oft his soul is lost who joins the game.

Passing through life the soul grows worse, although
The end of all, we see, the causes know;
 Yet old, by vice and error are subdued.
We doubt, and from the right go far astray.
All something leave on brambles by the way, —
 Flocks leave their fleece, and man his rectitude.

Go, then, and pray for me, with earnest heart.
Say, "Lord, Thou Lord my God our Father art,
Have pity ! Thou alone art good and great."
Let thy words flow just where thy soul doth send ;
Care not, all things in their own fashion wend ;
Fear not, kind answer shall thy words await.

All things the point their nature seeks, do reach :
The stream, though wandering long, attains the beach ;
Bees do the blossoms know whence sweets are given.
All wings towards their own right aim are led, —
Eagles the sun, and vultures seek the dead,
Swallows the spring : thy prayers mount up to heaven.

When for my sake your voice flies up to God,
I'm like a slave, who, resting on a sod,
His burden thrown on margin of the road.
I lighter feel, for all this weight of pain,
Of faults and sins that I with anguish train,
Your prayer relieves me of the dreadful load.

Pray for me, that I yet may worthy be
Some swan-winged angel's flight in dreams to see,
So that my soul shall like a censer glow ;

Blot out my sins beneath thy breath divine,
So that my heart may fair and blameless shine,
As altar steps that pure, unsullied show.

III.

Pray for all those who, living, tread
This earth, and in the world we find ;
For those whose path is lost and dead,
By every wave and every wind ;
For the mad hearts that fix their joy
In silken dress or gaudy toy,
Or in the swiftness of a horse ;
For all who toil and suffer woe,
If thence they come, or thither go,
Or if they better do, or worse.

For him whom shameful pleasures soil
The livelong night, from eve to morn ;
Who makes the hours of prayer his spoil,
For balls and feasts, of folly born,
And ribald songs in orgies trolls
At that still hour when pious souls
Repeat their hymns with zealous care ;

And when the prayer is done and said,
Cease not, as if they were afraid
That God might not have heard their prayer.

Prayers, child, for the veiled virgins say,
And for the captive in his jail,
And for abandoned women pray,
Who make of love a shameless sale;
For those who dream and meditate;
For impious fools, who early, late,
Pour curses forth, and blasphemy.
Prayer's might no limit can receive;
You for the infidel believe,
For infancy doth faith imply.

And pray for those the grave doth hide,
Who sleep beneath their marble shroud, —
The grave! black gulf that opens wide
At every moment 'neath the crowd!
For all those souls that wretched be
Have need that you should set them free
From the old rust the body bred;
Though speechless, do they suffer less?
Child, look within the tomb's recess, —
You must have pity on the dead!

IV.

Kneel, kneel, my child, kneel down upon the ground
Which o'er your parents' parents forms a mound,
Where all who come are wrapped in soundest sleep :
Abyss where mortal dust is heaped on dust,
And where are fathers on their fathers thrust,
As waves on waves in the unfathomed deep.

You laugh while sleeping ; swarms of dreams invade,
And whirl and frolic round your restful shade,
Start at your breathing, then return once more.
You open then those eyes which I so love,
While dawn, itself the eye of heaven above,
Opens its long-lashed lids gold-tinted o'er.

But they ! Ah, did you know what sleep death owns !
Their beds, how cold and heavy, crush their bones !
For them no angels joyous hymns impart,
Dreams of the past their evil deeds enforce ;
Dawnless their night ; implacable remorse,
Changed to the ruthless grave-worm, gnaws their
heart.

Child, you can, with a word, the while you pray,
Make their remorse take wing and fly away,

That some soft cheering warmth their bones shall
find,
That some glad ray shall reach their raptured sight,
That somewhat they shall feel of life and light,
Something of the fresh woods and streams and wind.

Say, when you wandered, pensive, though so young,
And listened to the billows' plaintive song,
Or 'neath the awful gloom of forest tree,
Amid the winds' and waves' appealing sigh,
Have you not sometimes heard a faint voice cry,
"Child, when you pray, will you not pray for me?"

The dead thus plead. The dead for whom you pray
Find their still bed a fresher green display,
And on their souls heaven's far-off music falls ;
But those whom we forget have night more black,
And in their coffins ceaseless worms attack,
And shriek of osprey greets their festivals.

Pray so that fathers, uncles, elder kin,
Who ask for nothing but your prayers to win,
May, when you name them, in their coffins thrill,
Knowing they still remembered are on earth ;
And as the furrow feels the flowers' birth,
Shall feel their hollow eyes a tear-drop fill.

V.

'T is not for me, my dove, to pray
For all inhabitants of earth,
For all whose faith has gone astray,
For those the grave has snatched away, —
The grave which gives the altar birth.

Would not my prayers, deformed and vain,
And void of faith and holy deed,
For others' sins unheard remain,
When worthless pardon to attain,
O Lord! when for myself I plead?

Ah, no! If for this world of wrong
Can any soul with profit pray,
'T is thou, whose voice is holy song;
You, for your prayers are pure and strong, —
You, child, another's debt can pay.

For those whom vice has captive led
Children may watch, and God beseech;
They are sweet flowers that perfume shed,
Censers that sacred incense spread;
Their blameless word the heavens reach.

Be thou with their pure voice content ;
 Upon their knees let children fall.
We all have crimes that we lament,
All o'er the dread abyss are lent ;
 'T is children who must pray for all.

VI.

Child, give thy prayers as alms, a priceless store,
To father, mother, kin long gone before ;
 To rich, whose riches yet no joys afford ;
To poor, to widows, to the vile and base.
All sin and suffering let thy prayers embrace ;
 Give to the dead, — e'en give them to the Lord.

You ask, for the last word your faith alarms,
“What ! to the Lord most high, — can he need alms ?
 Holy of holies, and of kings the king,
Of myriad suns he makes his dazzling train,
And laws and limits gives the raging main, —
 The All-in-All, supreme o'er everything.”

When you and your two brothers all the day,
In your glad home beside the hedgerows play,
 So tired at eve you scarce can keep your seat,

You need sweet milk, and apples, nuts, and bread ;
And kissing, turn by turn, each little head,
Your mother kneels to bathe your weary feet.

Well, there is One who 'mid the human throng,
Walks in this world of ours the whole day long,
Forever helping all by deed and word ;
Who, a good shepherd, saves the wandering sheep,
The Pilgrim speeding on o'er depth and steep, —
This shepherd, pilgrim, traveller, is the Lord.

Weary and worn at eve, to smile he needs
A child to pray to him, a soul that heeds
And loves. Thou, child, devoid of fraud and ill,
Bring him your heart with innocence replete,
E'en as you would a vase, with trembling feet,
Fearing one single priceless drop to spill.

Bring him your heart, and when a mystic flame
Burning in your young spirit shall proclaim
His holy presence near you, O my sweet,
My precious child ! fear not contempt, but pour,
As Mary, Martha's sister did of yore,
Pour all your perfume on the Saviour's feet.

WHAT IS HEARD ON THE MOUNTAIN.

SILENT and calm, have you e'er scaled the height
Of some lone mountain-peak, in heaven's sight ?
Was it beside the Sund, or Breton shore,
Where ocean stretched the mountain's feet before ?
Bent o'er the deep and boundless space, to hear —
Silent and calm — have you inclined your ear ?

'T is this we hear — at least, in dreams, one day
My thought did on the strand its pinions stay,
And from a beetling cliff, on either hand
Gazed on the ocean world and bounding land ;
I listened, heard, and such a voice did ne'er,
From such a mouth, strike upon mortal ear !

First, 't was a voice, immense, vast, undefined,
More vague than through the forest sounds the wind ;
Full of harsh notes, soft murmurs full of charms,
Sweet as night music, strong as clash of arms
When squadrons meet in furious fight, and fast,
While the loud clarions blow their fatal blast.

Music it was, ineffable and deep,
Which vibrates, flows, and round the world doth sweep,
And in the skies immense its waves make young,
In large and larger orbits rolls along,
Till in the depth its billows reach the shade
Where time, space, number, form, are lost and fade,
Like a new atmosphere through space dispersed,
Th' eternal hymn the total globe immersed.
The world, encompassed in that symphony,
As though the air did through that music fly.
Thus by th' eternal harps thought-bound, I stood,
Lost in the voice as in the ocean's flood.

Soon with that voice confusedly combined,
Two other voices, vague and veiled, I find.
The earth, the seas, poured forth to heaven their cry,
Which sang the universal harmony ;
And seemed each voice, though mixed, distinct to be,
As two cross currents 'neath a stream you see, —
One from the seas, triumphant, blissful song,
Voice of the waves, which talked themselves among ;
The other, which from earth to heaven ran,
Was full of sorrow, — the complaint of man.
And in this concert, singing night and day,
Each billow had its voice, each man his say.

And, as was said, vast ocean without cease,
Poured forth its voice of happiness and peace ;
Songs, as the harps of Zion's temple raised,
The loveliness of all creation praised ;
Its sound, borne by the swift-winged winds along,
Forever rose to God, a triumph-song ;
And all the waves which God alone can tame,
One ending, others still the hymn proclaim :
Like that great lion whose awe-breathing guest
Was Daniel, oft the sea its roar suppress,
And when the sun sunk flaming, to behold
God's hands, methought, passed 'neath its mane of gold.

Yet piercing through this glorious symphony,
The other voice, like a scared courser's cry,
Like rusty hinge of hell's gate, grating sharp,
Or like a brazen bow on iron harp,
Grinding tears, cries, abuse, and venom'd spite,
And fierce denial of each Christian rite,
And maledictions, clamours, blasphemies,
In the tumultuous waves of human cries,
Passed, as at eve in valleys meet the sight,
Flying in flocks, the sable birds of night.
What noise was this, whose echoes widely swept
Alas ! it was the earth and men who wept !

Friend, of these voices twain, whose destiny
Is ever to be born, and ever die,
Whom hears th' Eternal, through eternity,
One "Nature" said, and one "Humanity."

Thus mused I, for my faithful soul had ne'er,
Alas! with bolder pinion cleaved the air;
Ne'er through my gloom a brighter day had shone.
Long time I dreamed, revolving, one by one,
The abyss, the sea, hid from me, and beside
Th' abyss that in my soul was opened wide.
And much I questioned why are we here, the end
Why? Whither, after all, all this can tend?
What boots the soul? If best to die or live?
Why God, who in his book alone can dive,
Joins in the fatal hymn since earth began,
The song of Nature and the cries of man?



Dessiné par Deveria.

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TO A TRAVELLER.

FRIEND, you return from that wide travelling
Which ages fast, though it may wisdom bring
Our cradle scarcely left.
Of all the seas of which you ploughed the wave,
Round the whole world you might a girdle have,
By your ship's furrows cleft.

The suns of twenty skies made ripe your life.
Where'er you roamed, with curious longing rife
To scatter and to store,
As husbandmen not only reap but sow,
You took, —yet of yourself did part bestow
In lands you travelled o'er.

The while your friend, less wise and fortunate,
Did through unvarying course of months await,
Nor sought beyond to roam;
But like the tree, which marks while far away
His door, took root, spreading day after day,
At threshold of his home.

Wishing no more fresh realms of men to scan,
Now you return, tired of the world and man,
 Repose in God to gain.
Tired ! all your fruitless travels you relate,
And your feet mix with ashes of my grate
 The dust three worlds contain.

Now, your heart filled with meditations deep,
While on my children's head your hands you keep,
 We converse, I and you.
You question me, and ask with painful care,
"Where are your father, mother, son ?" Ah, where,
 Alas ! They travel too.

The voyage they make has neither moon nor day !
Of all they had, none can take aught away :
 Such the Lord's jealousy.
Deep is the voyage they make and limitless ;
Slow steps it has, 'mid looks of wan distress.
 This path we all must try.

I was at their departure, and your own ;
All three at different seasons, one by one,
 They all have ta'en their flight.
Alas ! deep in the earth, those heads so loved.
My treasures, in that day of grief removed,
 I buried out of sight.

I saw them go, and, weak and full of fears,
Thrice have I seen black crape, all stained with tears,
 These corridors enfold.
Girl-like, with tears I their cold hands bedewed ;
The coffin closed, my soul their soul has viewed :
 Expand two wings of gold.

I saw them like three swallows spread their wings,
Who fly far off to find more constant springs,
 And summers more serene.
My mother first saw heaven, and took to flight,
And in her dying eyes there shone a light
 Elsewhere was never seen.

Lost next my first-born, next my father are, —
Proud veteran, aged by forty years of war,
 His breast with stripes aglow.
Now there are all the three asleep in night,
While their three spirits wend their gloomy flight,
 And go where we shall go.

Now when the moon declines, if so you will,
We two will watch through night upon the hill,
 Where our forefathers lie ;

And I will ask you, while your eyes you keep
On the dead town, and on the town asleep,
 "Which sleeps most peaceably?"

Come! Silent, stretched upon the ground, we twain
Will hear, while Paris shall awhile restrain
 Her strife and living coil,
The million dead, Christ's harvest, gently stir,
Springing to life within the sepulchre,
 Like seed within the soil.

How many sisters, brothers, joyous live,
Who endless tears to some dear shade should give.
 Time! — thou all-conquering art!
The dead last little! Leave them 'neath their stones;
To dust, within their coffins turn their bones
 Less soon than in our hearts!

O Traveller! folly doth our heart beset!
How many dead each hour do we forget,
 Most dear, most fair, and brave!
How soon time blunts our sorrow, who can say?
Or the grass growing but one single day,
 Conceals how many a grave?

TO A LADY.

MAIDEN, were I a king, the monarchy
And subject millions I would all resign ;
Power, pomp, and state, and purple luxury,
Armies unmatched, and fleets that sway the sea,
For one kind look of thine.

And were I Jove, I would Olympus' height
Forego, with its eternity of bliss,
My reign o'er gods and men, my thunder's might
Through earth and heaven, maiden, wouldst thou requite
My passion with a kiss.

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